

THE
MODERN ARRIA;
A TRAGEDY
IN
FIVE ACTS.

Translated from the German
OF
F. M. KLINGER. *K*



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MODERN ARTIA

YDADY

TO



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1891

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCE GALBINO.

COUNT DRULLO.

JULIO.

LUDOVICO.

PASQUINO.

PAULO, *a Painter.*

AMANTE, *his Apprentice.*

CARLO, *Drullo's Servant.*

COUNTESS SOLINA.

The DUTCHESS.

ROSALIND, *Galbino's Consort.*

LAURA, *Paulo's Daughter.*

MAID OF HONOR *to Solina.*

Servants, Attendants, &c. &c.

SCENE,—ITALY.

P R E F A C E.

THE Tragedy, of which the following sheets are a translation, was first published separately by its author in the year 1776 at Berlin, and many years afterwards republished, together with other dramatic pieces by the same author in six volumes 8vo. at Riga and Leipfick. It is certainly somewhat astonishing, that a writer of such extraordinary abilities should have so little attracted the notice of his countrymen, as he seems to have done; for the name of *Schiller* is in much higher estimation in Germany than that of *Klinger*; though, as indeed are most other votaries of Melpomene, as well ancient as modern, in reality far his inferior.

And, as from the very favourable reception given to the first scene, which was inserted a few weeks ago in the *PHILOSOPHICAL HERALD*, a new periodical publication, the translator has at length been induced to present the whole performance, without farther delay, to the British public, it is highly probable, that this island will have the exclusive honor of doing that justice to the author's merit, which has been hitherto denied him by his own countrymen and the rest of Europe.

That

P R E F A C E.

That this Drama is written in prose, without being confined either by the fetters of rhyme or even of blank verse, will appear strange to no one, who considers, that a Play should be an exact representation of Nature, and therefore, as well Tragedy as Comedy, should be expressed in plain prose; as that and that only is the language of conversation, whether of the serious or comic kind, in all nations, and none but a maniac would attempt, were it even feasible, to sustain a conversation in blank verse. Whereas every other kind of poetry, as well Epic, as Elegy and Pastoral, Didactic poetry and Satire affects to imitate nature in its sentiments and descriptions only, and the characters of its personages, every one of these having been formerly modulated to music, and consequently the words measured by a certain standard, i. e. arranged and expressed in metre.

To such of our readers, as by means of Dr. Moore's elegant writings or otherwise are acquainted with the character of the modern Roman Ladies, so very different from that of our fair Countrywomen, the Character of Solina will probably appear neither unnatural nor extravagant.

THE

The Modern Arria.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Paulo's House.*

Amante, with his pencil and pallet in his hand, with a portrait on the easel before him.

I Must look no longer! I have gazed till I have almost lost my senses; and now, by heavens! I shall paint them away entirely. I took her picture by stealth only; and see, how perfectly alive her image flows from my very soul on to the canvas! Every charm of her divine face, every beauty of her lovely frame is breathed out, as it were, upon the canvas by the goddess of beauty herself. Ha! and this bosom, this heaving, melting bosom! these azure veins, that so softly meander through the snow-white skin. I must retouch it [*paints*]. There! now it starts through the light transparent gauze: and yet I could find in my heart to blow it away again.—Ah! the blessed virgin knows the extreme purity of my flame. Dear, chaste maiden; accept my vows!—Ah, my poor senses are quite gone! Am I beside myself? or does she speak? Does she not open her lips and say, “Amante, thou art not Julio!” Give me, then, sweet girl, one kind glance, and I am content.—These divine black eyes—ah! how they pour their rays into my very soul! Ah! thou masterpiece of nature, and of my art! Fool! dost thou call it art, when a man has a thousand souls and hearts

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at

at his fingers ends. One glance at her; the pencil to the canvas, and there it is, exactly as it exists in my soul! A god works in conjunction with me. Ay, a god, poor weak Amante! Ah! Laura! Laura! Let me die gazing at this angelic portrait of thine. Laura, my senses are lost in rapture and extacy! [*looking wild at the portrait*]. Merciful heaven, what is it, that overcomes me thus? Quick, quick! Prostrate thyself, Amante!

Enter Paulo. [*Amante lying prostrate before the picture.*].—Amante! Surely the lad is in a trance: Why! what dreadful sin hast thou committed, that thou prayest so devoutly? Hearest thou not? Ha! cheer up, then!—*Shaking him.*

Amante, *seeing Paulo, starts back, and goes with the picture behind the door.*

Paulo. Whither are you going? Stop! what have you there?

Amante. Sir!

Paulo. What have you there? I say.

Amante. The copy of Donna Solina's portrait, that you ordered me to take: I was looking at it here, because it was dark in the painting-room. There is such an amazing force of character in the countenance, and my skill, is, you well know, so small, that I cannot help being in a tremor.

Paulo. Nonsense! Do you think to become a painter in a day then? Diligence and a nice quick eye will do every thing in time. Come, shew me the piece, however! I will see whether—

Amante. For heaven's sake, let me go!

Paulo. Come, let me see it! What makes you start thus, as if you were beside yourself? Give me the picture here! what ails you?

Amante. I cannot indeed! Pray don't ask me!

Paulo. You cannot, ha! then I will see it: for this very reason I must and will see it. What! have you been botching up something on your own account?

Amante.

Amante. Sir—I have painted—

Paulo. Painted—what?

Amante gives him the picture.

Paulo [*looking steadfastly at it*]. *Amante!*

Amante. Dear Sir!

Paulo. Did you paint this?

Amante. Do not be angry, I beseech you, Sir, I did.

Paulo. You did this? No! no! impossible! Speak quickly!—tell me who did it? No man can paint thus. Surely I must know what can, and what cannot be done in the art. This is my daughter herself, body and mind, brought here, as it were, by enchantment: No mortal paints like this.

Amante. Dearest Sir, forgive me!

Paulo. What do you mean by forgiveness? I wish to know only, who has done this,—this, that surpasses every thing I have yet seen; this that I know not, in fact, what to say of it. Dear *Amante!* tell me where is the artist? I will throw myself at his feet, and never touch pencil more.

Amante. Dear Sir! I sat up several nights, and snatched every opportunity in the day time, when you were out, to work at it, and now have just finished it. O *Paulo!* the work went on quick and easy.

Paulo. *Amante!* there must be more in thee, than in all the artists on the face of the earth. Has *Laura* sat to you?

Amante. Oh no!

Paulo. Then you have;—none but the devil himself knows how,—conjured—wrought by magic. I cannot, by heavens! I cannot comprehend it.

Amante. Dear Sir, be not angry with me!

Paulo. The more I look at it—Ha! If thou hast indeed painted this, then there is an end of all art. *Amante!* *Amante* painted this, without the subject once sitting to him! How is that possible? A year only in the profession, and fascinate—enchant in this

manner! Come let me fold thee in my arms, my dearest youth! Tell me how it was; how it streamed forth from thy soul, from thy eyes.

Amante. This, Sir, is a mere nothing! But when I set about painting the dear girl with my soul only, and throw it as quick as lightning, invisible on the canvas; if with me you could but see that—and saw at the same time the colours that my soul painted with! How I drink them in from her lucid languishing eyes, from the setting sun, the tranquil gleams of the moon, and the glittering stars! How she breathes and speaks, while the ambient air gives motion and grace to her attire, and the sportive breezes dishevel her auburn locks, and cause them to flow wide-extended in the sweet disorder of love! Ha, Signor! how the whole creation round about me becomes the residence and even the echo of love, how all, in fine, is converted into love? Wherever she has deigned to cast her eye, a picture starts up, unseen by all, and not to be expressed by me. Every thing, yes, every thing is attuned in my heart to the sweet music of love.

Paulo. Excellent, excellent youth!

Amante. The dulcet notes of love resound in my soul, and I feel enraptured: and every one must feel enraptured, whose heart is attuned to this delicious melody. A melody not to be expressed, no more than the image of my love, existing in my eye and in my heart.

Paulo. Still, calm, ineffable harmony of the soul, that I have oft admired in the head of Raphael, now do I behold thee again! Raphael, Sensibility! —Amante! thou bringest back to me my youthful days, when, like thee, I sweetly raved in the soft delirium of fancy and love. With this magic, my young friend, you steal into an old man's heart, and light up in my soul the genuine fire of the inspired artist. More, I beseech you, my friend, of this delightful rapture.

Amante.

Amante. Ah, when the river glides on in its winding course; when the beams of the sun dance upon the brook, the waves dash against the shore, and the reeds whisper together:—how sounds love's harmony throughout the night, while every star befriends my amorous passion. In every thing that surrounds her, in every thing that surrounds me is heard the song of love. When the tears gush warm from my heart, and roll down my burning cheeks, when storms and tempests howl around me, and I complain through the long, long night, then love's music resounds in my ear. Ah! and in all these sufferings, in all these afflictions—thus! thus let me die! [*weeps aloud.*]

Paulo. [*taking him in his arms.*] See, Amante! thou makest me weep with thee. I thank thee my dearest boy; thou hast poured forth all this into a heart, that comprehends thee. Wait a little! the maid at present is sick and overwhelmed with grief, therefore wait! Wilt thou have patience? I tell thee, old as I am, I understand thee: and admire thee as a phenomenon, that presages great things.

Amante. Let me intreat you, dear Sir! I have forgot myself. O what have I been blabbing! I do not know but—

Paulo. Will you but be patient, and be true to yourself?

Amante. To myself? O Sir, void of all hope, desires or demands, I here profess myself her true, her happy lover. What I have spoken was from my heart. O leave me, I beseech you, in possession of that, without fear of offending you, of which, no one indeed, can deprive me!

Paulo. Read my answer, dear youth, in my eyes!

Amante. O father, how deep it penetrates into my heart!

Paulo. Father! well, be it so; my dearest son then! Thou givest me a look, such as I have never yet

yet seen in the face of mortal. By the sparkling of thy eyes, one may perceive that thou hast heaven in thy heart. [*looking at the picture.*] Dear boy! how visibly thy pencil has been guided by thy wishes! O that she were still exactly thus! See here! thou hast drawn a veil over her grief, and almost made the sick girl vanish from our view. Yet sick she doubtless is, and pines away perceptibly.

Amante. This melancholy trait here was laid on by grief, and the colours were mixed up with my tears. And, Paulo, believe me, suffering as I have done, my feelings would have seduced my pencil to give to that heavenly countenance all the sickness and grief displayed in it. But victorious love, stealing from my heart to my finger's ends, changed a countenance expressive of sickness and deep despair, into a sweetly attractive melancholy. But are there no hopes of a change for the better?

Paulo. Amante! there must, there shall be a change! You well know, he stole her heart, and when he had got it—Wait a little only.—He shall, he must be banished from her heart!

Amante. Be banished? And he that loves such an angel, must not his best part go at the same time, and he with it? I find this but too evidently from myself. Leave her! he cannot leave her. Ah! he that has once approached her!

Paulo. Her gentle soul bends under the burthen; and me it will carry speedily to my grave.

Amante. No! Paulo, no! Give me my picture, and I will go. No! it must not be!

Paulo. Thy picture? Leave it with me a little while. What would you do with it?

Amante. Talk with it, weep over it, and complain to it. Drive me out of your house, Sir! but give me my picture! my picture!

Paulo. Thou shalt have it; and I will learn to paint of thee.

Amante.

Amante. Good heavens! [*Enter Laura*] One stroke upon another! Be still, my heart!

Paulo. What! my little maiden up again already?

Laura. Ah Papa! there is no place of rest for me! [*gently approaching him.*]

Paulo. Dear lovely child!

Laura. Where is he then? Where is Julio? the clock has struck two, and he is not here!

Paulo. Do not think of him! See here my heart's delight! [*shewing her the portrait.*]

Laura. Who is that?

Paulo. My Laura! Dost thou not know thyself then?

Laura. Oh, he has been long away! Is it long since you saw Julio?

Paulo. Forget him, dear child, forget him! and preserve thyself for my sake!

Laura. Well, well! I will forget him. And have not I forgot him already? Just now Donna Solina passed by in her carriage. But he was not with her. I am surprized that he was not with her. Perhaps he does not chuse to pass our door! She is a great Lady, father. I saw her perfectly well at one glance; and said within myself, Donna Solina is a great lady, and Julio has a proud spirit. How little and humble did I feel myself, when my eye met her's, and she drove on with an air of conscious dignity. Ah! in the reverie in which I was plunged, methought I snatched a kiss from her august forehead; and with it stole away her sublime look!—It was an innocent theft, was it not papa? I cried, but not because I am so little and weak myself; I cried because my heart was so.

Amante. [*approaches, as if he was going to kiss the hem of her garment, but steps back again,*] Angelic creature! Let me kiss these lips, and die! [*apart.*]

Paulo. Let me beg of thee, my dear child, to make thyself happy in thy father's love, and cease
grieving

grieving thus. Wilt thou pine thyself to death? My eyes begin already to grow dim, but if thou livest, joy will beam upon my soul, though my eyes should be insensible to the light. Come, my dear daughter, look at this young man!

Amante. Me! Sir? what me?

Laura. Amante! will you do me a favor? Will you go to Julio, and promise me to bring him with you?

Amante. For you I go to death, dear lady!

Paulo. My dearest child!

Laura. Come papa, let us go: and I will sing and play to you.

Amante. [*alone.*] To Julio! Heavens protect me! Dearest Laura! How could you desire such a thing of me? Julio! if I could hate any man, it would be thee. Happy Julio! Her aspect is so sacred to me, her presence so heavenly; and yet she looks on me no more, than she does on any other man. Julio! She looks on thee with eyes of love, and yet thou canst afflict her! Laura!—Gracious heaven, protect me!

SCENE II. *A Room in Solina's House.*

Julio in a violent agitation, with his face laid on a table; then jumping up out of his chair,

SHE is not here! not at home! Where is she then?
I will wait though it be for ever!

[*Enter Ludovico.*]

Julio. Whence comest thou? What dost thou here?

Ludovico. I thought Count Drullo was here to pay his respects.

Julio.

Julio. Here? paying his respects here? Count Drullo?

Ludovico. Ay, Count Drullo, where is the wonder? But I must confess, the agitation I now see you in astonishes me; and in such a plight too—

[*Julio in the posture described above.*]

Whither hast thou been roving these three days and nights together, madman!

[*Julio makes no answer.*]

If you go on thus with your mad freaks, I will have you bound hand and foot, and send you to Germany to your uncle.

Julio. [*jumping up out of his chair.*] And if you do not hold your tongue this moment, grave, rational Sir! I'll take you neck and heels and throw you out of the window.

Ludovico. Art thou then quite mad, and beside thyself?

Julio. I am, I am.——Draw off my blood, make it as cool as thine; quench all my fire, and stifle my feelings; or else find me a place where I may bring all my energy, all my powers into action; where my ambition may have a free, unlimited field, to strive, to wrestle in, and finally to arrive at its scope, and merit her love. Oh, I can bear this dull, unmeaning life no longer!

Ludovico. Then set your face at once against fate, destiny, and the order of things! Spring up with force! Disengage yourself out of the state of life in which you are placed!

Julio. By these ideas it is easy to see what kind of an animal thou art. Fate? Destiny? Order of things? ha! ha! ha! What do you take me for with your destiny? for a puppet moved by wires? No, Sir! I will do all myself; nothing above me, no, nor round about me, shall help me in this, but myself alone. Why what a miserable thing it is for a man, that feels his own powers, to suffer himself to be led this way and that way at the option of another. Better to remain
C groveling

groveling on the surface of the earth, than be indebted for my rise to the power of another! O the puppets, the puppets! and here the stupidest hound is led to more advantage than the greatest genius. A great honor truly!

Ludovico. What strange ideas! This is always the case when a man either has no fixed view in life, or else such as are false and extravagant. When a man, if he has a tolerable person and address, imagines he may be a minister of state, or any thing else that he pleases, and considers himself as a miracle of wit and genius.

Julio. Hold thy peace, and move off thy dull slow ass's pace. Thou art still what thou wilt be, an old pedagogue.

Ludovico. Well, well! We shall see who has laid his plan the surest! We shall see who hits the mark at last!

Julio. Thine is doubtless placed extremely high.

Ludovico. And in the manner in which thou workest against thine, thou wilt break thy neck ten times over, and founder a thousand times on the voyage, ere thou canst arrive at one of thy fantastic wishes.

Julio. Not a word more, I charge thee!—Dear honoured father! This day, when storms assail my soul, and toss it to and fro on the waves of passion, I bless thy sacred ashes! [*kneeling.*] and thank thee for having set up for me a mark of rest and contentment. Still do thy last words vibrate on my ear, which thou spokest at the time thou gavest me into the hands of that honest mechanic, and pressedst me close to thy heart: “Julio, with these sentiments, “with these feelings of thine thou wilt make thy “way in the world, as little as I have done. Go try “it, and learn to know it by experience. When “thou hast seen it, and it does not answer thy expectation, return to me; and should I be no more, “then betake thyself to manual labour, and earn “thy bread with independence. This man will “teach

“ teach thee so to do; and thou wilt bless me for
“ it.”

Ludovico. Good, good! Now he has his Carpenter's shop again in his head. One folly on the back of another! There is something too handed about court, as mad as any of these. [*feeling in his pocket.*] Count Drullo said it came from the Poet; and that thou art known by this title. Here, read it! What a shame it is to make such frantic verses! without harmony or metre; and as wild as thyself.

Julio. Give it here! [*looking at the paper*] Ha! is it thee, dear record of the great, the blissful, the heart-felt hour of enthusiasm? Light up my soul with all thy fire, with all thy magic lightening! Donna, thou art present with me! [*reads.*]

Ludovico. What is all this but absolute madness? Would not any rational being blush to be the author of such trash?

Julio. Oh scandalous! shameful! especially as the sage Ludovico feels not the least impression from them. But what care I, so that I am happy. If thou knewest that I saved my life by this means; made room for my throbbing heart to expand itself, that before could hardly be contained in my breast, while I sat opposite to her, and scribbled these lines: if—but go thy ways, Pharisee, and think of Rome, where thou wert deprived of thy sensibility for these subjects. Think on the unpropitious hour, when the enraged Florentine revenged upon thee the tainted honor of his family.—As for me, I'll rush forwards into the world, fight my way through the throng, and then mount aloft! The more obstacles, the better!

Ludovico. Well, well! regulate your conduct just as you please. The prince, and the whole court with him, take notice of your disorderly life; and, indeed, I should not have supposed that you had time to live in the tumult of passion. Every body is astonished.

Julio. Cousin! let me beg of you to go, and mind your own affairs. I know the prince has a great deal for you to do. Go and leave me to myself. I, for my part, am astonished at nothing so much as at my own patience.

Ludovico. The prince enquires continually after Donna Solina. He has seen her, and cannot comprehend why she does not come to court: as she has already been a month here. He has been told that you have been her only companion hitherto, and you know——

Julio. Now go, for heaven's sake!

Pirro. Please your honor! Donna Solina 'is come home.

Julio. Away!

Ludovico. Cousin! thou endest here! Adieu!

Julio. [alone.] She comes! And how my heart is lightened, and yet how it is weighed down and oppressed—He enquires! Ha, Prince Galbino! enquire you may; but, if you wish to know more—She comes, and every thing shrinks before her. Love I must have. My soul is determined. Love! love! And I will demand it of her, though she annihilate me!

[Enter Donna Solina.]

You here again, Julio? and did not I tell you—

Julio. Here, Madam! ever here!

Solina. Very bold indeed, Julio! And in such a dishabille too! such a wretched plight! One would imagine you had had no peace of mind for this twelvemonth past.

Julio. Donna! the dishabille of love, that has almost bereft me of my senses.

Solina. And in this plight you are come to offer love to me?

Julio. My aim is here. Three long, long days and nights do I wander round the house, bewildered and lost in love, that sometimes exalted me to the stars, at other times sunk me as low again in deep despair.

despair. Donna! there is not a post that I did not embrace, not a window that I have not made a confidant of my passion. And not one glimpse! not a word of salutation in all that time! You even appeared to shun me. At last I could bear it no longer. I was driven, irresistibly driven by my passion in hither. And Donna, as I entered, my soul was resolved; and this is its resolve! Love! Majestic Solina! I recede not a jot. Love! Love!

Solina. Have you forgot, Julio, what I have so often told you, that notwithstanding the great pretensions you carry in your countenance, you are too low and mean for my love? Desist Julio! be advised. Desist! Solina's love is too high for you; and you cannot stand the proof. Look at me, I beseech you; need I say more?

Julio. Yes! for that very reason. Sublime Solina! Let me hear it! Make me a King, a God! I shall be every thing with a single word of your's.

Solina. Weak, silly mortal? thou knowest not what thou askest. Desist. It were better for thee. What? Love wilt thou have, petty, insignificant creature? and must Solina Pisana tell thee, she loves thee? What then art thou for Solina Pisana? and yet so bold, so presuming! to ask what no man yet has dared to ask! How canst thou give thyself a soul? How canst thou give me love, and both without measure? Ha! a little heart, and even that divided!

Julio. Divided? Solina! he that has seen thee, must he not offer up his whole soul, his entire heart to thee? Thou goddess! that with a glance exaltest man above human nature; no one has comprehended that glance; no one can comprehend Solina Pisana. Ha, powers of enchantment! my soul is intoxicated. Hurl me from thy presence!—a veil over that majesty, or thou wilt annihilate me!

Solina. Ha! ha! ha!

Julio. Laugh on! Is Julio too little? Thy love, Pisana! Julio has Eagle's wings. Solina! thy love!
Thou

Thou shalt say I am worthy of thee. By this lofty mien! thou shalt be proud of me!

Solina. Ha! ha! ha!

Julio. Go on! Laugh daggers into my heart! I have pride, Solina, a strong, a manly soul!

Solina. And yet canst thus talk to a woman?

Julio. I speak not to a woman. Wert thou as other women are, I would perish in the fire, ere I spoke thus.

Solina. Ha, Julio! thou soarest! thy spirit soars! It glows in thy eyes. Why do thy eye-balls roll thus? Will thy soul spring forth out of them? Ha! go on! I love thee!

Julio. [*falls at her feet.*]

Solina. Dost thou feel it? What has entranced thee thus? Why tremblest thou? Art thou struck with thunder? Once more, I love thee! And thou art the first. I ever thought my proud heart would break, ere I said this to one of thy sex. Thou art he! Should my love not exalt thee, should thy spirit shrink—A slave to all eternity is he, whom Solina exalts not to a God,

Julio. Say on! I am the man!

Solina. Thou knowest not, how deep thou hast engaged thy soul; how much Solina exacts from one, whom she looks on, as she does on thee. Remember, Julio! Thy heart, thy soul, thou, thou must be mine. Could I possibly have more, I must have it. In this wide extensive world nothing else must engage thy attention. In my eyes must thou live, move, and exist. Is there a fibre, or a drop of blood in thy whole frame, that is not actuated by me, should Solina place herself before thee, one glance of her eye, and thou art gone.

Julio. I swear!

Solina. What wilt thou do? Swear to me? Ha! ha! ha! and oaths are profered to me too! Who is Solina then, if thy oaths have more power than she? Here is security for a thousand such baubles. Thy eyes

eyes fixed on mine! Nearer still! Do thy eyelids fall? There! steadfast! Pour thy whole soul into mine!—Good, Julio! I see thy spirit comprehends mine! I tell thee, all the men I have yet seen have shrunk back when they have met my eyes. Thine are fixed and unmoved! Thou art more than the king. When I approached the king, Julio, he cast his eyes down, and looked at his shoe-buckles. Ha! thought I to myself, are these king's eyes? Now I have found my mirror. In the whole world of men there is not one of whom I could say this. Here is my hand, Julio!

Julio. Thus, sublime woman! elevate and pursue me on to glory, till I am worthy of thee. This one kiss on thy white hand; if I dare to look for more, till I stand on the very summit, then precipitate me headlong from thy favor.

Solina. Thou mayest dare more. This one kiss [*he salutes her.*] The first time since I was kissed by my father and mother.

Julio. Ah Solina! let me—let me recover my breath! who can support the fire of thy lips!

Solina. I have given thee much! By heaven! with this kiss thou hast stolen a consecrated treasure from my lips.—But I will see, if I have deceived myself. Woe to thee, Julio! if Solina be not to thee, what the earth is to the sun, or the enlivening breath of heaven to universal nature. Thy hand, Julio! Ah! this delicious tremor! Woe be to thee, shouldst thou not prove the man thy eyes and countenance prognosticate!

Julio. Donna! I can only say, that this is the first day of my existence.

Solina. Now to court! and let my image guide thy footsteps. I shall see what Solina is to thee. Julio, if love does not create worlds in thee; if it do not excite all the powers of thy soul, if it do not carry thy strength and courage to their highest pitch! [*looks at him steadfastly.*] Look steadfastly at me

me! hast thou enterprize in thy eyes? Let us see! Take care, Julio! no weakness! Woe be to thee, if thou hast not Cæsar's eye, that penetrates and subjugates all hearts. Ha! young man! positively, the very look of Jove! How beggarly to this the majesty of kings; Thy eyes fixed on mine, Julio! Let me see somewhat divine upon thy front, that my spirit may bow before thee! By the greatness of man! that was a look that would reduce a world to atoms! What art thou then with the mien of Jove; thou urchin thou? Ah! the mien of Jove, and a little insignificant courtier!

Julio. Solina, twit me not with this. Spare me, I beseech thee! Accursed am I that so it is! Set but Rome before me, as it was: and thou shouldst see how I would mount. Thou thyself shouldst grow dizzy at the sight, proud beauty!

Solina. Ha! ha! I turn dizzy, my little Jupiter!

Julio. Thou shouldst! Taunt me not! Stimulate me no farther. Heavens! could I but give a vent to the passions, that rage and ferment within me. It must be so! The world is thus, and all our arrangements are pressure and constraint. I must perforce drag about with me a spirit, that every moment exceeds its bounds. I gnash with my teeth, am ready to gnaw my own heart, curse every thing that surrounds me, and could set the world on fire, that I might produce new worlds from its rubbish. The first time that in Rome, I threw myself at the foot of Cæsar's pillar, I was quite frantic. Here lived a Cæsar: here the field was open for every one to vault up into the seat of glory. What is this world? what do we here, where every thing has such short and limited views? Set before me, I repeat it, Rome as it was; leave me in my present rank in life; and then thou shalt see, how I will climb.—Solina, I have enough to do to contain myself within bounds. Keep my spirit under, instead of goading it forwards. Give it thousands of concurrents, and thou shalt

shalt see how they will all fall headlong down the precipice.

Solina. I feel the God that speaks in thee. Go on! my spirit is allied with thine. Thy eye, thy looks!—there is my sun. Thou thinkest then to climb, or hadst thou rather leap up at once?

Julio. Just as it may happen! at all events I must rise; I must get on.

Solina. This world then, is it nothing to thee? and is there nothing here for thee to do? And the fate of this illustrious, oppressed Dutchess, does it not lie at thy heart? Wouldst thou not wish to snatch her out of the clutches of this villain Galbino? to save her from the machinations of that cold-blooded hypocrite, Ludovico! to free her from the wiles and plots of that cool, subtle traitor, Drullo?

Julio. By heavens! my only thought, since the sudden and melancholy death of the worthy Duke. Solina! this has been my constant and pleasing dream. My heart glowed within me; I wept frequently over the ashes of this excellent man, and swore to his manes to rescue his widow, to sacrifice myself for her. And indeed it is no more than my duty. He protected and advanced me; and with him died away all my power and influence; just at the time when I began to take root and flourish. Had he even been a stranger to me, I could not but have made her sorrows my own, when I heard her lament over the corpse of this glorious man, perceived her dissolving in tears, and her form fade away daily; and saw withal how the succession was as cruelly as unjustly wrested by violence from her and her little unborn infant. Ah Solina! in the dreadful hour of death, he earnestly intreated his villanous cousin to protect his widow in the regency. The instrument he gave sealed up, to the trusty Pasquino, from whom it was extorted by false declarations, and by threatening him with the most ignominious death. The villain took it to himself; and

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now

now his sole aim and endeavour is to get possession of every thing, and to get rid of her and her future progeny.

Solina. And thou fittest still? God give me, woman as I am, strength and courage! Ha, Julio! my mind presages future events, and I foresee how all my spirits rise tumultuous, and strive and struggle within me, ardent, wild and impatient to save—and to destroy. And dost thou stand quietly and look on?

Julio. What can I do, when they endeavour to prevent me from having the least power or influence?

Solina. Be vigilant and diligent; lull them to sleep, and make thyself necessary.

Julio. But how?

Solina. Slave!

Julio. Slave?

Solina. Yes, slave! Would a man, that has any confidence in his own spirit and courage, ask how he should make himself necessary? Build over a young oak plant, and observe how, by the mere strength of its native powers, it rises into the air; and though it should not be able immediately to force its way through, yet the stem grows thick and strong. It throws out its branches far and wide, robs the lesser trees standing near it of sun and nutriment, and they perish before it. Queen of the groves, she rises majestic; and the rustling of her leaves strikes the traveller with awe.

Julio. Slave!

Solina. Does not a wide path to fame lie here before thee? Here thou mayest show, what thy talents are able to effect. And thy ambition has here a noble scope, And then art thou not the slave of thy ambition, as long as thou dost not endeavour to satisfy it? Thy spirit is mere imagination, or false inspiration, if thou dost not mount by regular degrees from the bottom. Ha! how he stands there!

there! Hero! hero! art thou a man? Poor feeble creature, Cæsar and my prattle have turned thy brain. He has a spirit that mounts to the skies; and yet cannot raise himself above the paltry effeminate courtier. Had the gods but made me a man! — Say, art thou not a mere Celadon, Metastasio's Cæsar thou?

Julio. I? I a slave?

Solina. Laura! ah Laura!

Julio. Donna!

Solina. Tell me! how hast thou loved that maiden?

Julio. Donna! I tell you, Petrarch did dot love his *Laura* more tenderly.

Solina. Away! out of my sight!

Julio. Ah! a glance only, a divine glance from those all-subduing eyes, and my heart will soar with the wings of an eagle.

Solina. Wilt thou have love from me? Wilt thou say thou canst fathom my spirit? Thou!

Julio. By the majesty of thy eyes! I can.

Solina. And canst live six months together with a girl, that has no ideas but what she has brought from her cloister. Tell me how it is possible to pass one's time with such an insipid being, that could fret herself sick on thy account; when a man looks out into the world with such energy as thou pretendest to do? When a man professes himself ready to hurl every great man from his seat——

Julio. She is a dear kind-hearted creature; and I have to thank her for many a pleasing romantic hour, when I forgot all that disturbed and disquieted me. Her soft mild nature would have retained me for ever, had not the eyes of *Solina* enchanted my soul. From the magic of that brow, the seat of sublimity and greatness, let any one extricate himself, if he can: Ah! *Solina*! Why must I behold in silence the transactions of the great? Why must

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I be

I be an idle spectator of the sufferings of the virtuous?

Solina. And art withal a vain babbler with thy breast full of greatness and fire, that bursts forth every moment, as the air does from a bladder, that is pricked. What can one do with such insipid empty apes? Sigh and rave? The man with whom I am to pass my life, I have often told thee, must possess a mind strong and vigorous, but not expanded beyond measure; must be capable of undertaking actions so great and transcendent, that every one of his cotemporaries shall say: "He is the greatest of all of us." Go! shrink back into thyself!

Julio. Fury and madness! Would you have me murder? employ banditti?

Solina. Narrow-souled wretch? thou mayest thank my love, that I do not this instant reduce thee to thy primitive nothing. Is that greatness of mind, true courage and ardour of enterprise? Have men actuated by the sacred flame of honor ever assassinated? Mean, paltry soul! is there any art in causing a dagger to be plunged into a man's heart? This I call true greatness, to single out a man of consequence, and after bending him to my own views, to let him sit still in peace, till he pays the debt of nature, admiring me, and acknowledging his own weakness. There is not a spark of true magnanimity in thee. I should have thought the spirit of it would have inspired thee in the instant, that my love overwhelmed thee, and enraptured, thou feltest what I gave thee. Gracious heaven! the wretch can comprehend Cæsar's spirit and mine, and yet talks of murder!

Julio. Did I mean it thus? I had rather ten musquet-balls pierced this forehead, than deprive a man of life to satisfy my ambition. I shudder at the thought!

Solina. Good! Julio! To court! and no delay!
[taking hold of his hand.] Thou hast my love! and see

see here? thou mayest see that thou hast it: and by the motion of thy lips, by the tremor of thy hands—Be silent, I intreat thee: say not a word. I feel by thy emotions, that thou knowest what Solina has given thee. I beseech thee, dear, silly fellow! speak not; thy heart is too full. Julio! this is on neither side a declaration of love according to the present mode, is it?

Julio. Donna Solina! [*throwing his arms round her.*]

SCENE III. *Paulo's House.*

Night.—Enter Amante and Julio.

Julio. [*as he enters*] Where am I? and what emotions are these that arise in my soul? Why did not you leave me?

Amante. Sir I durst not. Pardon my rudeness and importunity. I should never have quitted you, I would have followed you to the end of the world, even though you had treated me more severely than you have. It was my Donna's orders, and for her I would at any time do more than this.—Signor, I could not avoid doing it; and to say the truth, I did it with a good will.

Julio. Well then! leave me now! I will wait for her here.

Amante. Signor Julio!

Julio. What say you, Amante!

Amante. Lay your hand on your heart and look round you. [*exit.*]

Julio. This young man affects me much: and the tears that now and then stole down his cheeks, pierced me to the heart. Amante!—I cannot ac-
count

count for the impresson that the words, and the wonderful conduct of this youth make on me.——

Well then! my hand on my heart: [*looking round.*]

Is this the place? this the spot where I enjoyed Elysium with Laura? Ah, how all is changed! So dull, so flat and insipid! Now Solina alone employs my thoughts; in every place I see her only. With her only my soul finds rest. Can I make things otherwise than they are? Laura! 'Tis her voice! [*knocks at the door.*] Laura! Hark, she prays! "Madonna! "forgive the ardour of my passion! turn my heart "from the sweet deceiver! that I may be entirely "thine!" Laura! 'tis I! [*knocking.*]

Laura. [*opening the door.*] Softly! softly! it is very unseemly to make such a noise. [*shuts the door.*]

Julio. Laura!

Laura. [*from within.*] Who art thou, that grudgest rest to the sorrowful? I am not here.—

Julio. Laura! dost not thou know Julio's voice?

Laura. I knew it once; and for that I suffer.

Julio. Amante brought me hither.

Laura. Art thou Julio?

Julio. Heavenly Laura! I am.

Laura. Do not lie, do not add to the number of thy sins! Thy voice is so sweet, so sweet, it is able to entice the hallowed virgin from her vows. No deceiver can have such a voice. Thou art not Julio! Thou voice, sweeter than the Nightingale's song, more lovely than the choir of undefiled virgins, when they sing in the matins the glory of the Lord. Allure me not! Leave me to the Madonna! Allure me not, I say! Now thou sweet sound, thou enchanting breath, wafted delightful through the air to the listening ear!

Julio. Ah Laura! let me but see thee!

Laura. For the last time Julio's voice?

Julio. Ah! for the last time!

Laura. See there now! Thou art not Julio. So sweet and mournful Julio's voice! Stay. I will dry up
up

up my tears! for the last time? Once more speak loud, Voice of death! for the last time?

Julio. I can hold out no longer. Solina, give me strength! How dull and heavy is all within me! why do the words die away thus on my lips? O dearly bought Solina!

Laura. Art thou still there, Voice of death?

Julio. Laura!

Laura. I come. Here I have lilies, beautiful lilies and fresh: these will I snap. Break, lilies, break! Ah! thus break, and fall to the ground!—Break! break! and then my heart. Art thou still there?

Julio. Ah Laura! still here.

Laura. Keep at a distance: and do not look at me through the door. Go softly! my father is below painting Donna Solina's portrait. Therefore go softly! She must be taken very accurately. My father despairs of the power of his art, to exhibit her great soul. Go softly, that he may not fail in a single stroke.

Julio. More poignant than any revenge! Laura, thou drivest me to despair!

Laura. [*coming out veiled.*] God preserve you! —Do not make a noise.

Julio. Laura, is it thee?

Laura. Yes. It is Laura, Paulo's daughter. A poor, sick, silly maiden. Good night, Julio.

Julio. Laura!

Laura. Do not detain me. I am not easy here.

Julio. Let me see thy face.

Laura. [*takes off her veil.*]

Julio. Good heavens! As pale as death and drowned in tears.

Laura. The lilies are broken, and so is Laura's heart. Wouldest thou know, why I sent for thee? —Julio! a weak maiden has various thoughts. I wanted to bid thee farewell, And—forget me:—

no

no, think of me, kindly and without sorrow.—
Take this from me; I painted it.

Julio. A maiden on her knees, at prayers, the
tears trickling down her cheeks.—Thy own self,
Laura!

Laura. Think not of it. Wilt thou leave with
me my once favourite Petrarch, which thou madest
me a present of that delightful morning? I do not
read the *Canzioni forelle* any longer. No more
sweet love-songs. I have tied them all up together
with a ribband, that none of them may come in my
fight. You know we used to read them together;
but, Julio! there was then a band wound round us,
that binds Heaven too, and that his true and faithful
hearts delight in. It broke, and thou art happy.
Now let me have him merely for the sake of the
Trionfo di Morte. Wilt thou, Julio?

Julio. Anything Laura! anything!

Laura. No! not so. Farewell Julio, and bid
me farewell too.

Julio. Thou goest, and I cannot say—Ha! how
is this? I feel dying away, as it were, and---Laura!

Laura. Julio! I will bear it to the last; and so
farewell. Dear, lovely, sweet deceiver! a thousand
thousand times farewell. The love in Laura's breast
was ardent. Thou lovely deceiver! Our Lady
shower down blessings on thee. [*crosses him.*] Adieu!
adieu! 'tis for me to die without complaining.---
Adieu! adieu! May roses spring up, wherever thou
goest, and true, pure joy, wherever thou art. Laura
bids thee good night. Good night! [*retires into the
next room.*]

Julio. Laura, hear me!

Laura. [*from within.*] God preserve thee! for
the last time and for ever, good night?

Julio. [*after a long silence.*] So weak and little
I never was before. Totally oppress'd and overcome,
to what a low, abject state I was reduced in the pre-
sence of this angel! But my vow so lately made, can
I recall

I recall it? Can I take it back again? Solina! The ground burns under my feet, and every object, that I behold, enfeebles my mind, and overwhelms it with sorrow---Ha! and I want courage too. [*Exit.*]

[*A long pause.*]

Amante, [*enters with his lute.*] Night! O thou friend to my love, and partaker of my sufferings! Surround, and embrace me! and ah! in all this darkness, her image, her image presents itself to my view! This day, my Laura, was a trying day! and then comes another, and another after that!—Suffer and love, suffer and love! and thus am I thine, my Laura.—Be thy slumbers gentle, heavenly maid! Hear not the plaints of love. Complain, complain, my lute! and if my tears spoil not thy mournful tones, complain in soft and tender accents till morning. [*he sings and plays.*]

S O N G.

*Dreary and dull the midnight hour,
The clock proclaims, while near this spot
Forlorn, throughout the night I pour
My sad complaint; she hears me not.*

*She hears me not, and slumbers sweet.
Ye Stars, bewail my wretched lot!
Ye gentle Gales, my griefs repeat!
Look paler Moon! she loves me not!*

*Sound, mournful Bell, throughout the night!
To death that call'st the wand'ring thought!
Then take, O Grave, a love-lorn wight!
Close on me quick! she loves me not!*

*From love's fond eye let not a tear
Be shed upon my silent tomb!
My love was ardent and sincere;
But ah! neglect and death—my doom!*

ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Paulo's House.*

Laura in Bed asleep.—The Curtains drawn.

Amante [goes towards the bed and gently undrawing one of the curtains,] Ah! what a disturbed, uneasy sleep! The big drops stand on her bright eyes!—She looks continually towards her destined port. Joy such as angels feel. [kneeling down.] Give her gentle and undisturbed sleep, Madonna! send thy holy maiden health and strength; and if it be not thy blessed will so to do, Madonna, then take me along with her. Give me strength to wait on her truly; and then close the scene.

[*Paulo Enters and sits silent at a distance, after a long pause.*] *Amante!* The doctor may say what he pleases: but take my word for it, we shall still preserve her precious life.

SCENE II. *Solina's House.*

Solina and Julio,

Julio. Am I worthy to appear before you?

Solina. Noble Julio, thine from the bottom of my heart! Thou hast acquitted thyself to my astonishment. Do but continue thus! From this time forward I pronounce thee deserving of my esteem. Let this be a more powerful incentive to thee to complete boldly and nobly the course thou hast entered upon. Go on then to the destined goal!

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There

There will I give thee my hand; sing thee the song of victory;—and then, Julio!—

Julio. My goddess!

Solina. Then will I be thine.

Julio. And I, what thou wilt.

Solina. Not more than thy powers will allow.

Julio. To these I see no bounds. Ah! and when I feel myself exalted in the great, the ardent moments, when all is alive in me, when I comprehend all, as it were, in my grasp; and see arranged in order before me, what I can do, and what I can be; my breast expands, and my eyes look forward with an indescribable glance into future creations: my spirit darts forward to seize, to overtake, to outstrip the object of my ambition;—for such a moment I would give the whole term of my existence. *Solina!* I made great advances: and what is best of all, and makes me pleased with myself, is that no one can say, that I arrived at my ends by base means.

Solina. Else indeed there would be an end to every thing between us. If thou wilt be, what I wish and imagine thee to be, no one must be more than thou, and thou, at the same time, the best, and best-beloved man in the whole country.

Julio. 'Tis difficult! but no matter. I must take as large strides as a man can possibly take. From this instant I begin. This idea of thine shall be so entirely mine, it shall be so strongly fixed, so immoveable in my soul, that nothing shall be able to efface it, till I am what thou wishest: till I have restored peace and happiness to the illustrious sufferer changed her grief into joy, and laid her adversaries low in the dust. Sleep! Rest! Joy! be gone. For me Love only, and this! O could I but find language to tell thee, what that man is, how great he is, who thinks on this and thee!

Solina. Do I need thy barren empty words? *Julio,* I look in thy eyes!—no farther, not a word more! In that great conjuncture I glowed through every

every vein. What need is there of talking? There thou stoodst; I could have taken thee in my arms; --I could have worshipped thee.

Julio. Is not this the effect of Love, Pisanian? Thou, thou alone couldst do it! Thou hast given me strength, and furnished me with wings, to encompass a world.

Solina. Thus does the lover resemble the favoured mortal, that is inspired by the gods; he performs things, that to others appear as miracles. Led on by this supreme goddess of the earth, thou shalt grow up vigorous and strong, thou shalt raise thyself on fresh and never-wearied pinions, and soar far out of sight of all those, whose hearts have never known the true sublimity of the goddess. And Julio, there are few such as thee. Ha! she nourishes, rouses, and awakens in the most secret recesses and corners of the heart and soul; she leads on, conducts, and rewards him, that has penetrated into the interior recesses of her sanctuary, Julio! And every thing speaks in thee, that this would be the case with me.

Julio. Love! almighty Love does all.

Pirro. A courier, please your honour. In two hour's time he returns. [*Exit.*]

Julio. It is the King's seal.

Solina. Break it open.

Julio. A letter from the King himself.

Solina. Read it.

Julio. He commands me to go thither, and enter into his service. He thinks that his court would be the proper place for me. My conduct and management of my last business have prepossessed him so much in my favor, that he would be very loth to be without me.

Solina. Let me see it. [*reads the letter.*] For this I thank him. Julio, if this raises no flame in thy breast!

Julio. Then let me stop here: let there be an end to every thing between us!—

Solina.

Solina. So far, so good. I am going to the Dutchess. I burn with impatience to see this great, this noble sufferer. Without ceasing, her image presents itself to me with traits, that captivate my whole soul. I must go!

Julio. Thou must; and I would thou wert invincible to all the world. Things must come to a conclusion. I cannot avoid dwelling, continually dwelling upon this idea. The enquiries and interrogations of the Prince—O, when he sets about to draw out his yellow pursed up lips to a persuasive smile, I feel as if I had no other way of saving my own life, than by putting an end to his. It must come to a conclusion!

Solina. And let him ask, and inform himself, if he will; let him send out all his spies after me. I will go thither through the very midst of them; and awe them into submission with my looks.

Julio. Ha! then I fear nothing. It is little in me,—And yet, Solina! in thy presence, I am more than man. When I imagine thee there, my strength vanishes, and it appears to me, as if I could be great and enterprizing in thy presence only. I feel that here only [*pointing to her forehead.*] my strength and courage have their foundation.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Prince and Pasquino.

Pasquino. Will your Highness give me leave?

Prince. Ah! the disgust, the ennui that pursues me, that hangs upon me incessantly,—without intermission! Ah! the dreary, unsatisfactory prospect of life, that opens upon me from every recess, from the most delightful rural situations! Is this life? What!

are

are your brains all dried up then? Is there no invention left among you? Miserable! miserable! what a stupid, dull life! Heaven knows, how I sigh after an hour of ease and heart-felt happiness!

Pasquino. (I cannot bring him to the subject.) Such dreadful ennui, Prince? God forbid!

Prince. Do you wonder at it, Pasquino? You look so earnest at me, when I say, that it is a dull and insipid life, when all our senses lie prostrate.—What do you think of it, my serious friend?

Pasquino. Nothing easier to remedy. I hope you will not take it amiss, when I say, that I was five years about the person of the deceased Duke, and yet never heard him make these complaints.

Prince. That was because the deceased Duke had his peculiar humour.

Pasquino. Doubtless he had. For people never let the good man rest. And he found his account in it. His great joy was in action. And with all that he was so complying, that he wished every man to have justice done him; and at all times preferred doing it himself. That was his humour.

Prince. How I esteem your probity, my worthy friend!

Pasquino. Aye! That is your humour now.

Prince. Your humble servant! But, Pasquino! what a terrible thing it is to reflect, that I have not one man of real talents in all my court! Not one inventive genius! There did I for a time give myself up to the conversation of the learned: they plunged me still deeper into the mire: then of the poets; but neither would it give way to the jingling of rhimes nor the tinkling of music. I next had recourse to building, and in every thing found this dreadful ennui.

Pasquino. How terrible it is to hear all this. [*loud*] But, as your highness knows, the court is still in mourning, and therefore this is no time for carousals and time-killing diversions.

Prince.

Prince. You do well to remind me of it. I think we had better give orders for the mourning to cease directly.

Pasquino. Of itself that is of no consequence. But the people, Sir! it will see all this in a different light, and find in it want of affection and respect. Oh! how I wish your administration to be as beloved as——

Prince. Administration!

Pasquino. Have I said anything to give offence?

Prince. No, nothing at all. But that I should precisely depend on the people; and be in every respect the slave of its prejudices and folly—How is the Dutchess?

Pasquino. Very well, if one can call a person well in her situation. How do you find yourself, Sir?

Prince. Ah that void! that void!

Pasquino. Will your Highness give me leave?

Prince. Speak! Thou knowest thou hast my favor.

Pasquino. Your consort is very ill.

Prince. I love her from the very bottom of my heart.

Pasquino. And yet she fears——What is that Camilla, Prince?

Prince. A mere nothing, compared to my wife. A sweet bewitching prattler, that creeps into your bosom, and you have no longer any heart but for her! Ah! what insinuating creatures they are, Pasquino! You cannot conceive how artfully the bands are woven, with which they enslave the heart.

Pasquino. That is precisely what I mean.

Prince. Well now! But to break these asunder, when a man has surrendered at discretion!

Pasquino. Who is able to do this?

Prince. No man. Were my spouse but well——

Pasquino. I know but one physician: and that is yourself.

Prince.

Prince. It may be so. But tell me, how does Julio conduct his affairs?

Pasquino. Oh! that may be so, that may be so!

Prince. Does not please you, I suppose. There are many things that go against the grain with me; and yet I am obliged to let them pass. But answer my question!

Pasquino. Why, to say the truth, I never saw a young man, that promised, and at the same time performed so much. Prince! an ardent enterprising heart; with strong sense, rapid execution, an understanding that is grown up, as it were, to the place you have given him, and makes itself fit for greater. Of extensive views, and embracing a variety of objects; as soon as he undertakes any thing, it is done. He goes through with every thing that he has seen into, with a steadiness—and, what is best of all, with such fidelity and probity, as is scarcely to be found in any other.

Prince. I am amazed. I never in my life heard you pronounce the eulogy of any man. You were always before this very suspicious. But it seems to me, that all this is within a short time only. That he has managed his affairs so well with the King, I cannot sufficiently admire. He really brought things about, that I should never have dreamt of.

Pasquino. I, for my part, had the greatest hopes of him. As he went, said he, if I do not bring this to bear, let the Prince give me my dismissal, and I will turn carpenter.

Prince. Excellent! Pasquino! I would now wish you to repair to your country seat. I have settled a pension upon you, with which I hope you will be content. If you think I lose too much by it, send me your Seneca, and double down the chapter, that contains the subject-matter of your intended speech. Adieu, my dear Pasquino! [*Exit Pasquino.*] What would I give to have had the old fool painted by a good hand

in this ridiculous embarrassment. [*Rings the bell.*] Send the Preceptor to me. A certain Emperor retained his Seneca on purpose to teaze him, and I send mine away peaceably. But he shall not long enjoy his estate and pension. How he kept chattering about Julio! Nothing can be more delightful than to lead such an old rascal as this into the mire, and there leave him sticking fast, plunged in it up to the chin. Ha! [*looking round him with fear and caution,*] Accursed weakness! will it not leave me then for a moment?—Come closer to my heart, Solina! Indeed were it not for the employment I find in pursuit of thee, that hobgoblin, my deceased cousin, would by this time have quite killed me in dreams. By heavens, if he appears to me again with his poisoned cup in his hand, his skeleton goes directly to the bottom of the river; even though I should be obliged to carry it thither myself.

[*Enter Ludovico.*]

Ludovico. What does your Highness please to command?

Prince. All the attention you are capable of. All your senses collected! Think of nothing foreign to the subject. And—are you present with your whole soul?

Ludovico. How should I be otherwise, when I have the honor——

Prince. Let me feel thy hand, man! [*lays hold of his hand: after a short silence,*] Does thy pulse always beat so sluggish, slow and regular, that, in case of necessity, thou canst reckon the minutes by the pulsations, ever true and steady?

Ludovico. Seldom otherwise, Sir!

Prince. Does this vein often swell and rise, that winds here down thy capacious forehead?

Ludovico. Seldom; except when I am used ill, or make violent efforts.

Prince. Hast thou purposely here stopped the course of thy high and angular, zigzag, bristly eyebrows,

brows, and had them shaved off? or did they grow thus rugged by nature?

Ludovico. People were prejudiced against them; I therefore brought them into this form myself.

Prince. Hast thou made every possible trial with the hair of thy head, in order to give it another colour?

Ludovico. I have: but nothing would do.

Prince. Wert thou likewise always so reserved and gloomy, so deeply buried in thyself? always of such a leaden complexion?

Ludovico. Always.

Prince. Thou resemblest Sylla in many particulars.

Ludovico. Sylla was a great man.

Prince. That is according to the man that judges of him. Certainly he was. I had some other enquiries to make. I read something great in the apple of thy eye; that is of a dead grey colour. There is in this somewhat of great import. But, Ludovico! there is something cross-grained, something sad and sorrowful about thee.—Thou appearest to be dissatisfied with the world: what dost thou think of the world?

Ludovico. Not very highly, Sir. Your Highness knows that my moral system is strict and severe. I have so much experience and knowledge of the world, which I chiefly collected in our travels, as has enabled me to see the just value of human actions. Sir! he that has the best varnish—

Prince. Closes up the eyes of others. That is precisely my opinion. Great actions are the Jack-alanterns of the moral world. With an action well planned, the view well concealed, and carried into execution without being observed, thou wilt raise a brilliant and dazzling cloud before the eyes of the pious, the prudent and the wise. With respect to most of these, the mist never disappears, and thou art worshipped as a God.

Ludovico. What depth of wisdom! and how perfectly just!

Prince. You make your fortune, and make it as you can.

Ludovico. And yet every thing operates to a good end, here, as well as in the physical world.

Prince. No action will bear scrutiny.

Ludovico. An action is great and praise-worthy to him only, who does not perform it.

Prince. Hast thou any feelings for the other sex? Hast thou strong passions? Canst thou not live without them?

Ludovico. Perfectly well. I am far above that weakness.

Prince. From thy youth upwards? or is it the effect of thy philosophy?

Ludovico. My philosophy was assistant only. I am of a cold nature; and was only once in danger.

Prince. Hast thou a strong inclination for poetry? Hast thou enthusiasm, fire and fancy? wild glowing dreams?

Ludovico. No! I always possess myself.

Prince. Thou madest mention just now of thy having been endangered. Prithee, explain thyself.

Ludovico. By a disagreeable occurrence I lost my virility in Rome. Upon which I wrote a book against the lusts of the flesh, which is still read, and quoted by Laity, as well as Clergy.

Prince. Thou art the man then, that I seek. Thou art attached to no pleasures, nor led astray by any desires. Thou art conducted by reason alone, and consequently canst give thyself up to one thing entirely.

Ludovico. Gracious Prince!

Prince. The world must have few charms for thee.

Ludovico. So much the more has fame.

Prince. Really? is it fact? Fame, sayest thou?

Ludovico. That is my idol.

Prince.

Prince. That, the manner in which thou speakest it, assures me of. Thou art capable of filling a great post. Thou hast doubtless heard, that at court there is a certain great lady, her name is—Thou knowest whom I mean.—Aye.—The widow Cornelia. Otherwise called also the Dutchess. Pasquino has resigned his post, and retired into the country. And as a reward for the faithful instructions bestowed on me for the space of two years during my travels, I intend this very day to appoint thee to the office of Lord Marshall. [*Ludovico makes a great many bows and congees.*] And observe—this Cornelia is a revengeful, ambitious, proud creature, a second Agrippina; look at her stedfastly! and observe her aquiline nose, her fiery eye! Thou knowest these are marks of no good import in a female face. Besides, she has so wild a look, and then she raves at certain times, and mutters strange things.

Ludovico. That I have been witness to.

Prince. And—Oh! how delightful it is to bear a title. Read the superscription of this petition.

Ludovico. Most humble petition to our gracious Lord Administrator—

Prince. Spell that word! take it to pieces! but not that I may hear it. It is strange, what antipathies one has to certain words. In my cousin's lifetime there was a very clever fellow here, that fell into a violent rage, whenever he heard the minister mentioned. The poor devil was nothing it seems; and yet felt within himself, that he was just as fit for the post as he that actually occupied it.

Ludovico. This is frequently the case.

Prince. Thou art the friend and cousin of Julio?

Ludovico. His cousin I certainly am. His friend—just as much as I am the women's.

Prince. Thou speakest freely; this I like in thee. There is a certain lady by name Solina—yet thou lovest not the women—This life is a mere vacuum. Adieu! we shall see each other again. Adieu! [*Exit.*]

Ludovico.

Ludovico. Did not this sound, as if our good cousin was too great a burden. The words imported much; and, if I translated them, would amount to one little word, which, spoke to many a hot-heated fellow, would make his hair stand an end. Murder! eh! it is a sound like any other. All depends on the idea, that one forms to one's self of it. Besides this, there is only a woman in the case. Let us consider. Cousin Julio! hem! and Donna Solina! hem! and Lord Marshall! hem! and Murder! hem! Yet all this chimed together tolerably well. Minister! hem! Not yet. Count Drullo! hem! But why do I anticipate? Why? How often do great things proceed from trifling occasions. Cornelia is a very fine woman! hem!

SCENE. IV.—*The Dutcheſs's Chamber.*

The Dutcheſs and Roſalind on a Sofa.

Roſalind. I am ſo faint, ſo extremely ill! and you teaze me almoſt to death.

Dutcheſs. No wonder thou art ill. Thou tormenteſt thyſelf, thou fretteſt.

Roſalind. Have I not reaſon, ſo miſerable, and rejected as I am?

Dutcheſs. No, thou ſhouldeſt not fret. By this ſame poiſon I am nourished and ſtrengthened.—Ah! when your huſband, whom in my dreams I ſometimes tear in pieces, and ſometimes poiſon; when the murderous villain appears before me;—

Roſalind. Give me the medicine; the time is paſt for taking it. And ah! from your hands, my dear, I ſhall think it will have a better effect.

Dutcheſs. Poor lamb! with what pleaſure do I perform the office of nurſe to thee. [*pours the medicine*]

dicine out into a spoon,] Take poison then! Thy husband is this day revelling with his mistresses. What delicious fare has he prepared for thee; Bark and bitter drops, that set thy teeth an edge. Oh! what poor tools are we women!

Rosalind. Stop, I beseech you! Ah! I am too weak to hear all this,

Dutcheffs. No! I will so exasperate thy spirit against him, and make thy gall so bitter, that thou shalt feel, as I do, when thou hearest his name.

Rosalind. For heaven's sake!—O my head!

Dutcheffs. Hear me! Thou hast had no husband, no noble, illustrious man, for whose life he lay in wait, whom he, with his accomplices hellishly put to death by secret practices. Ha! and let me tell it in thy ear! let it penetrate like fire into thy soul!—O! How every thing presses me to revenge! revenge! [*in a low voice,*] He poisoned the glorious man.

Rosalind. No! no!

Dutcheffs. I will arrive at an absolute certainty concerning this affair. Nay, I am certain of it! But thou shalt hear it acknowledged to thy face. In my wrath will I seize on him and his accomplices—But ah, thou poor, sickly, distressed creature! look not so tame! so piteous and crest-fallen! do not enfeeble my soul!

Rosalind. Do I not suffer beyond my strength, dear mother? Am not I the greatest sufferer? He married me; and, heaven is my witness, I love him sincerely; my tender, broken heart beats for him alone: and now he leaves me, makes me prisoner in a sick chamber, attaches himself to low unworthy women; while here I pine away, my youth consumed by disease, and have nothing to expect at his hand but death. Is not this, dear mother, the very abyss of sorrow?

Dutcheffs. Rise up then! Let revenge give thee strength! Let us tear him in pieces, wherever we can find him, like true women of spirit. Let us drag

drag him by the hair of his head, and bathe ourselves in his blood! . . . Come, this is thy wedding day. Let me kiss thee, and breath into thee the genuine Roman spirit! Where is he? Where hast thou left him? Rise up!

Rosalind. Good God! Good God! do not you see that I cannot stir from the spot? Lay this pillow under my head; I would wish to die with all my heart. Ah mother! [*kissing her hand.*]

Dutchess. Would I were thy mother! Good heavens! this is too much to bear. Thy mother, thou knowest, my love, is dead.

Rosalind. Ah!

Dutchess. All this I am doomed to see!

Rosalind. Mother of my heart, be still!

Dutchess. How! the little orphan, that is robbed before he is born into the world, whimpers within me, crying, which way soever I turn myself, Mother! mother! Ah! wherever I cast my eye, I think I see the little innocent creature alive. It hangs upon me, sprawls about with its little limbs, and, throwing its little hands about me, cries out "Help, Mother, help!" against suborned murderers. Ah! save your only child! And, accompanied, and surrounded by his father's shade, he will defend and avenge thee." And then do I see him bold, strong, and grown up to man's estate, advance with his father's mien, rise up like a meteor, and destroy his enemies.—Cry not, dear boy! let not the poison, that rankles in thy mother's breast, kill thee. Drink it all into thy little heart, and come into the world with two-fold wrath and indignation. And, till thou comest, I will reign; I was born to reign; and reign I will.

Rosalind. O that your spirits were but composed, and my life to be soon at an end.

Dutchess. I will heap curse upon curse, and laugh at my own impotence. Thou tame, gentle dove! Thou civil, well-bred wife! that fittest confined in
thy

thy cage, and seest thy husband caressing other women, and carrying them about in pomp and state: while thou art left to pant and writhe here. And yet thou takest his part. Die then! he will inter thee with the greatest splendor; and I will erect thee a monument with thy history engraved on it; and fight it out alone.

Rosalind. Leave me to bear my lot with patience!

Dutcheffs. Night and day will I repeat this strain to thee. My clamours shall chase away sleep from thy eyes, till thou curse him, and pray for his destruction,

Rosalind. Never! Never!

Dutcheffs. Never, silly woman? Is he thy husband then? speak! is he? And tell me then, who enjoys thy rights? Wert thou a second Messalina, wert thou totally given up to unlawful pleasures, he would have reason for his conduct. But so, as thou art, chaste and pure, and withal of so dove-like a disposition, so pious, so good, and daily struggling with death on his account; and yet talk of patience! —What ails thee?

Rosalind. Ah, how weak!

Dutcheffs [*tearing her cloaths off in haste,*] Poor lamb! come to thyself again! for heaven's sake recover! Hear me! dear creature, open thy eyes! Do not leave me! [*taking her round the neck.*] Give me one look! do not leave me to despair!

Rosalind. Mother!

Dutcheffs. God bless thee! Sit upright! Come, my dear! let us get thee to bed, Sweet child! let me not lose thee.

Maid of Honor. The Countess Solina, Madam, requests to be admitted.

Dutcheffs. Desire her to walk in. Quick! Put my sweet friend to bed. [*kisses Rosalind.*] I will come to thee immediately, my dear daughter! Think what thou art to me! [*Exit Rosalind.* *The Dutcheffs goes towards the Door, and leads Donna Solina into the*

G
room.]

room.] Let me beg of you, Madam! You are not at court here! [*looking stedfastly at her.*] Thy Julio has said no more than the truth! Ha! Donna! let me kiss thy forehead, and see now, I comprehend thee! Not a word, my love! With such a face thou hast no occasion for words—[*throwing her arms round Solina.*] I hold a Roman in my arms, an intrepid, undaunted Roman! and I feel myself happy. Thy looks have pierced deep into my soul, and offer me assistance. I see thee, my deliverer! and here, here thou art fully understood. Our souls are cast in the same mould. Ha! I have found a being in whose breast I can deposit all my thoughts, and who conceives me.

Solina. Take me, as I am, entirely your own. At this instant all the resolution and energy I am possessed of rises within me. My heart was attached to your fate, ere I saw you. And now, what is there in this world, that I could not undertake for your sake?

Dutcheffs. Noble! excellent! How all my pain vanishes in an instant! and my extinguished courage is revived! how all within me is assuaged and pacified, now I have found one to whom I can complain, and who meditates revenge in conjunction with me: And is not this exchange of looks even now a relief to me? and this sympathy——Come, let me indulge my love! let me fold thee in my arms, my dearest sister!

Solina. I hear the comfort of the great Æmilius! And I will see her adorned with the crown, that her spirit may develop itself and shine forth in its native splendor.

Dutcheffs. Æmilius! Æmilius! Come Donna? [*leads her to the portrait.*] Behold this so much celebrated Æmilius! and to you, to you alone will this image speak.

Solina. I understand his looks. It appears to me that his great spirit looks down upon us, and
says,

says, "I will be with you, and spread terror before you."

Dutcheffs. Our compact is made before his eyes. *Æmilius!* Lord of my heart! look down upon us! Turn not thy countenance from me, that was ever mine! Let me weep! Donna, let me weep!

Solina. And why not weep before the glorious man?

Dutcheffs. Friendly soul! I see tears not my own shed for my *Æmilius*. Ah! it is wonderful, that there is still a trait in the dear picture undestroyed by my tears and kisses.———Look my love! see this front! these eyes! this fire, that struck a panic into the enemy! Just as he stands here before you, he returned from a hard-fought battle, in which at length he had come off victorious. Hither he hastened covered with dust and blood: and I pressed him to my heart. The dear delight of my soul, my *Æmilius!* And, as I was ever prepossessed with ideas, that constituted the happiness of the mothers and wives of former ages, I was not to be repulsed, but insisted upon his sitting for his picture that very day, in the same clothes, and in the same plight, as he appeared in immediately after the battle: he complied with my request, and thus it is that you see him. And behold this man; this hero scarcely thirty years old! And then let me inform you—Come nearer! I will whisper a word in your ear, that shall make you tremble, as firm and intrepid as you are. This man they poisoned! a foreign court was interested in it; for he was dreaded.—I see how your blood rises. Be calm! I will lead you to a place, where there is noise and din. In the grove there is a waterfall, whither I am wont to bear my complaints. No listening spy can over-hear us: but thou wilt understand me.

Solina. *Æmilius!* Oh *Æmilius!*

Dutcheffs. Be calm! be quiet! [*shews her a concealed portrait*] And this caused him to be murdered.

This Galbino! Do you see this Tiberius? At night I hang him up here, incessantly to feed my hate. Come! and afterwards I will take you to a poor sick lamb, that he has sacrificed, and that hourly struggles with death. Come to the cascade; we will drown its noise with our cries. Revenge!—Women! and quick, speedy Revenge!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The preceding Room at the Prince's.*

Enter Count Drullo and Ludovico.

Ludovico. It will not do in this manner. You will not bring it about thus.

Drullo. I tell you, I will appear, as though I were the last man in the farce and yet lead them all in a string together.

Ludovico. Julio, it must be owned, has a great deal in him.

Drullo. Julio! a mad outré fellow—a poet, that, as I always said, created new worlds in his own brain, and forgets the old. People of his stamp are soon dispatched. What does he here with his feelings and his sentiments? Of what service are all his talents to him? My dear friend! Poetry and greatness of mind either live in obscurity, or else go a begging. If they go to court, or into the world; they must adapt themselves to the ton of either, or else they with their owners will be foundered. You will see that this will be his fate; and indeed it necessarily must. I have seen poets scouted, but I never yet saw others scouted by them. And, in fine, what is to be done with this fellow? He must be made to know himself. And as to the females, why, women

men will always be women. And when they have sown dissension and disunion between these hot-heads, then comes the cool by-stander, and makes away with him, that is not wanted in the game.

Ludovico. We shall see.

Drullo. You come to no resolution. And yet your project seems to be of importance too.

[*Enter the Prince.*] I have seen her, I have seen her.

Drullo. Now Sir! how does your Highness find things? Is it not true, that I said less, than your eyes have told you?

Prince. What absurd questions do you ask!

Drullo. I would only know whether my description tallied, whether Julio's intended bride were—

Prince. Were—what?

Drullo. What every body says she is—whether you do not look on Julio as a happy man?

Prince. Julio, always Julio!

Drullo. I am of opinion, that there is but one Solina in all Italy.

Prince. It may be so, Count!

Drullo. But that at present her soul finds itself reflected, as from a mirror, by Julio alone; and sees every one else, as little and insignificant—

Prince. It is a foolish speech, Drullo. But I must say, that if any man is worthy of her, he is.
—For Julio—

Drullo. Is more than we all, you mean to say.

Prince. Ha!

Drullo. If we once take it into our heads that he is. We! I speak of us little people.

Prince. What has Julio done to you?

Drullo. Nothing at all. I am as much his friend as your Highness.

Prince. I understand you. Drullo, is it certain—is it an undoubted fact? that Julio—

Drullo. Is betrothed to her? nothing more certain.

Prince.

Prince. I could never have believed that such a thing was possible.

Drullo. Possible! what, Sir?

Prince. That there should exist a Donna Solina.

Drullo. For which reason neither did you believe me, and looked upon the whole as a mere idea, and the produce of my brain.

Prince. I would it were so. And yet I could wish for more moments like these. Drullo, what a woman this is! And what dowdies are those, whose feet we lick, and whom we surfeit with our flattery, and adore in the most abject manner. Only observe how blinded we are, how deficient in point of discrimination and true taste! Till she came among us, we did not know what woman was.

Drullo. This is just what I thought, and what I feared: She has absolutely fascinated you. And did not I beg of you to avoid her.

Prince. I hardly dare to confess it. She has a look——The devil take me, but one fears to say to her, "I love."——With the same familiarity, as if they had been sisters, they proudly walked together into the garden. You understand me, Count. She and the Duchefs, I mean. Oh! what anguish I felt, and what a horrid torture love proved to me. They went towards the cascade, and returned; I took notice, at the distance they were from me, that Cornelia weeping related her sufferings to her. For she wiped the tears from the Duchefs's eyes, and pressed her bosom with such gestures and with such sympathy—O! here in this breast dwell hatred and love together. See Drullo! now you may conceive my situation. I lay in wait for her, as she was going to her chaise, and spoke to her. O! till that moment I thought I had a firm, undaunted look. I tell you, Drullo, they are scarce, these Donna Solina's. And the devil of it is, that the very circumstance, that makes me mad to possess her, forms an obstacle against me.

Drullo.

Drullo. Against you?

Prince. Drullo! were it only a Camilla, or one of your every-day beauties, that was in view, what you would insinuate, might be allowed. One goes round and round them for a few days, and then obtains so much from them, that one has not a wish left. But a Solina and a favoured lover, who represents Jupiter, and represents him well too, that is quite another case.

Drullo. Not very distant from thence is that of Ixion.

Prince. I can readily believe that such would be the fate of any man, that should approach her in that way: I cannot, I cannot conceive, whence she has that eye, that look, that tout ensemble. From her eyes there beams so sacred, so pure a fire, such a supernatural power—I bit my lips with vexation on finding my senses so blunted and dull. She is too great for me; I must not dare to think of her.

Drullo. Her Jupiter!

Prince. For heaven's sake!—

Drullo. Julio, is just now going out of the cabinet. Come, we will bait him to some purpose: I have a scheme in my head; if that does not succeed, none will.

SCENE VI. *Paulo's House.*

Laura dead and seated in a Chair. Paulo standing at his easel, paints her portrait. Amante enters, and throws himself at her feet, looking wildly:

Paulo. [after a long and painful silence, sinking to the ground.] *Amante!* I have painted my eyes out.

ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter the Prince.

To me all this is enchantment! and as yet, unintelligible. I know not how it was, nor need I know it, in order to feel the fairy scene in all its delightful tumult. What shall I do? go to her?—Aye, that's it! Julio! Julio!—Patience! Patience? No! I will have done with thee, her and all! And the recollection——

Servant. Please your Highness, Count Drullo, and the Lord Marshall.

Prince. Let them come in. How dark and dismal it is over the whole palace!

[*Enter Drullo and Ludovico.*]

Prince. Well! Why do you stare at me? What are you wondering at?

Drullo. I never saw you thus before.

Ludovico. I never in my life saw any body ride so.

Prince. Ha, I was deeply interested!

Drullo. One may see that in your face.

Prince. O ye wiseacres! you can see that, can you? But can ye do me any good? Go! go! I should wish to be ever thus! Neither indeed do ye conceive me! I have need of a young sensible heart to whom I may communicate my feelings. If your bosoms do not heave at this recital——O! that I could but breathe it into you. Stop, fair rider! Have you never yet seen a Lady ride?

Drullo. In this country never.

Prince. You wish to know how it was? I'll tell you--Only favor me with a little imagination. O that

that I were but once out of my trance, or continued in it for ever! If it stood here before me, I could kiss every bush, that she brushed in her way! Ha! I think I still see every tree, under whose boughs she bent, still hear the music of the wood, still view the delightful magic scenery, and her in the midst of it.

Drullo. I am apt to think——

Prince. Hold! Not so fast! What do you know of the matter? Woe is me, that it is past! How stupid all is now! There every thing is so enchanting, and here so dark and dismal! nay, quite irksome. It even begins to be insupportable. Wishes and desires, what are ye? O that the happy instant still existed, and I could cut the wings of the swift-flying time, and make it stand still for ever! What are we? For what do we exist? Here, in this instant, I feel myself teeming with existence; in the next, and ere one can notice it, hey, presto! 'tis gone! A while since I had every thing! and now—nothing! Could I but forget it! Oh! I must laugh at that wish.

Drullo. I do not understand a word.

Ludovico. [*Goes towards the Balcony.*]

Prince. Now do but think—Where shall I begin my account?—Aye, right! I rode to the villa, Julie drove——

Drullo. And the Countess with him?

Prince. Must you then directly catch up what I do not chuse to mention?

Drullo. Well, well! Just as your Highness pleases.

Prince. Aye! and it shall be, as I please.

Drullo. I never could have supposed, that love would have affected you in so strange a manner.

Prince. Drullo, I do not know what ails me! nor what makes me so ill-humoured. I can laugh, cry and be furious, all in a minute. Should I tell you all I feel, and were you men of resolution and action, and gave me your assistance, and banished this spectre from before my eyes, and took this sharp, odious thorn from out of my heart.—Come, Drullo!

H

let

let me embrace thee! this must vanish, when I can get a little calm.—Ah, I thought, that love had a very different effect upon one. This is such a horrid, corrosive bitter, that alternates and mixes with the sweet sensations, as is not to be expressed. The evil spirit of Saul is upon me, and has overshadowed me with his black, murky wings; he sports with me at pleasure, sometimes swelling up my veins, and at other times running away with me in a frenzy, and prompting me to commit all manner of absurdities. By turns he smiles, and looks fierce, and there is nothing in this wide world that I can hold fast by. ---Ah, who will sooth me, and lull me to sleep with gentle and enchanting harmony?

Drullo. That shall Donna Solina do. Her charms can do more than the sound of instrument or song. I think, in her presence one must forget heaven, earth, and one's self.

Prince. Peace! I cannot bear to hear her praised by any one.

Drullo. Ever contrary.

Prince. Hear me then, how it was. I must relate it, even though I should tell it my wife. At the Villa we met. I flew to the garden. There sat all the insipid dowdies round the Queen of Love, who shone forth in stateliness, sublimity, and beauty. With a nod she appeared to command the whole bevy of little subordinate females. Not one of them dared to speak; and even if she opened her lips, first cast a look towards the divinity, then bit her tongue, and was silent. It would have made you laugh to see how the great dames felt their own nothingness, and did not utter a word, sensible, that nought was seen or heard but their sublime companion. My whole soul was fixed upon her. And in that instant I forgot every thing that vexed and tormented me. There was not a particle in her, nor a motion, however insignificant and trifling you may conceive it to be, that was not capable of ensnaring one. Ah! how my

my eyes rioted in the glorious scene! and what were my sensations at that time! frequently I forgot myself, and my eyes glided from her bosom up to her's, and then—d'ye see, Drullo! it was just as when a flash of lightening, suddenly entering at your eyes passes through your very marrow. You know not where you are; your senses are benumbed for a while by the sudden splendor and brightness of the fire! and it is not without difficulty, that you recover them again. Thus it was with me; and, what is more, she perceived it plainly. For when I, thunderstruck as I was, only lifted my eyelids up a little, she gave me a look of conscious dignity, and—O what am I? what am I?

Drullo. This is wonderful, Prince! I tell you you must look her full in the face, and—

Prince. I understand you. And of what service would that be to me? if I did not wish her to find that me in which—Do not interrupt me, but listen to me! This play continued some time, till the other females began to disperse themselves over the garden. She went with them, and I after her, and should have—but then came Julio in my way, with his lofty mien and great soul, and sent me away like a child.

Drullo. Prince! I would swear he should not send me away again, and would likewise swear vengeance against him for this!

Prince. O the stout, resolute hero! and by this means spoil all! would you! Thus far I can tell you, that from this moment I hate him worse than ever—I see by your countenance, that you understand me. And here you have my hand! and with this squeeze a command—

Drullo: Which I in the same manner pledge myself to obey in its utmost extent,

Prince. Hear me out! I slank away by degrees. "The Donna! Where is she? Where is the Donna?" And all the stupid apes answered "They did not know." Oh, I was furious! I flew through all

the alleys, through every saloon, at last by good luck, met my valet, who told me that the Countess, who had come hither with Mr. Secretary Julio, went into the fore-court, saw the Neapolitan standing ready saddled, and asked, who that horse belonged to? The answer was, "To the Prince." He went on one side, while she with her Maid of Honor made up to the horse. He warned her, that the horse was wild and unruly. Her answer was, "A wild horse best suits a wild and distracted rider." [Ludovico comes back with a slow pace.] Ludovico! are you made of stone?

Drullo. Proceed, Sir!

Prince. He retired to a distance; but so, that he could see all that passed. She talked to the horse, coaxed it, and patted its neck. Oh Drullo, what a value do I set upon that creature!

Drullo. Well, Sir! and then?—

Prince. She jumped upon him, (being in her riding dress) and rode away like lightning towards the wood. Hey! the Devil! I had wings! And now, recall to your mind, if you will, all Ariosto's magic pictures of Angelica, and all his wandering princesses together; and still you will have no idea of her. Ha! How her silken habit floated in the wind! With what graceful dignity waved the feathers on her hat. She was a perfect goddess! I was jealous of every breeze, that so freely and wantonly played about her, kissed her cheeks, and bosom, and revelled in her attire. I glided in silence through the thicket, directed by this celestial vision. I could now hold out no longer, but pushed through the bushes, that parted us, and had her horse by the bridle in an instant. Stop, fair rider!

Drullo. Cried you?

Prince. Once more, do not interrupt me in my story! The slight emotion that she betrayed of terror, which however was immediately changed again into her usual greatness, accompanied with somewhat like

like disgust, quite disconcerted me. I stammered out something about being her groom;—how fortunate I was to have the honor of leading her horse, how transported—Her look and mien all the while unchanged.

Drullo. What not a word neither?

Prince. I was not able to get an answer from her. The only favor, that I could procure (which 'tis true, enchanted me) was that she broke off a bough, snapped it in two, stuck one part of it in her hat, and gave me the other. I kissed it, together with the hem of her garment. Ah! how happy I was! and yet so inwardly vexed, so cruelly tortured.—And on a sudden the thought struck me, to plunge my couteau de chasse into the horse, take her into the thicket, and——O heavens, the idea transported me to madness. It raged through my very marrow. I could have refrained no longer. But just at that instant she turned back, Jupiter Julio before us. And now all retreated before me, like an enchanted castle, in which every thing vanishes with a sudden crash. Black fell the cloud and dark---in me and round me! And in blood is the whole conceived, and in blood shall it end.

Drullo. Julio carried the day then?

Prince. What care I? Away! Away and leave me!

Drullo. Prince! this adventure is of the greatest importance to us. Should Julio prove jealous, and entertain doubts of her, your business is done. I will go my way. And did not the mere rumor spread about court of her being your mistress make him absolutely wild?

Prince. Ha! Go then! It will take me several hours, before I can recover myself. Ludovico! Come along! [Exit.]

Drullo [solus.] Ha! ha! ha! Prince Galbino, you could not have done it better; and all your dissimulation will be of no service to you here. Get you

you gone both together: I know both you, and what you would be at. When I look on, and see the game played by these men, and that played by the women, who would yet in the end be too hard for them, if I did not narrowly watch them——
 Ha! it will not be the first time the trick has been played; after having screwed up a few good easy souls to the tip-top of their hopes and wishes, to let them down all at once, and then get rid of them one after another in the most polite manner possible.---
 You Prince, do this! and you, Lord Marshall, that! and you, Master Julio, shall be baited and driven out of your senses. So we must give out the parts of the Drama. Then will I step forward, like a God, coming out of the clouds.---Ha, Donna Solina! What desires arise in me! You are the stake that we play for; and you will I carry off, and make kings and princes my slaves. Hem! and make the poet look still wilder! Ha! a cold outside and fire in my heart.

SCENE II. *Solina's House.*

The same Room as before.

[*Enter Julio.*] O this vain prattle! these eternal questions! this ogling! This adoration, this deification——if it continues any longer to inflame my blood, let her e'en refuse at once to be mine——I feel it, I feel it, my race is run. Here is an end to all the sublime ideas, that made my breast heave, and my heart palpitate. Nothing now remains with me, but the thorn, that rankles in my heart. It gets still deeper and deeper! I will tear it out, though I should bleed to death! Farewell then, ye divine flights

flights of the soul! and ye, all-powerful inspirations
farewel! I here dismiss you all. Come then, cold
blood! gross, sluggish sense, come! and circumscribe
the unruly, ungovernable spirit! And here I swear
that I will avenge it on him, as sure as I am Julio.
Thee too will I avenge, dear murdered Æmilius!
I will shew her what I am; she shall feel what she
has lost.

[Enter Pirro.] Your Honor!

Julio. Ha!

Pirro. There is a blind man without, along with
a youth. that will not take a denial; but is resolved
to see you.

Julio. Not at present.

Pirro. The old man begs very hard.

Julio. Blind sayst thou?

Pirro. Stone-blind.

Julio. Let him come in. Blind! then he is
miserable. And yet would I willingly exchange
eyes with him, not to see what I have seen. Blunted
heavy sense, and blind eyes, that is now my wish.

Amante [*leads Paulo in, walking with a stick.*]

Paulo. Lead me up to the Gentleman.

Julio. Forms of death and misery, who are ye?
Ah! how the sight of those unfortunate creatures
affects me!

Amante [*places Paulo directly before Julio.*]

Paulo. Do I stand before his honor the secretary?

Julio. [*aside.*] Paulo and Amante! And so fallen
away and disguised, that I can scarcely believe my
eyes. Ah! it is they indeed. Good old man, what
have you brought me here?

Paulo, [*bowing.*] I have brought an admirable
picture to shew you.

Julio. I cannot see it now.

Amante [*advances, and stands directly before Julio
with a resigned and dejected look.*]

Julio. What ails this young man, good father?
I never saw such deep and heart-felt sorrow.

Paulo.

Paulo. It is an amiable, quiet youth, that incessantly prays for death, to take him to his deceased love. It is he that conducts my wandering footsteps, and, old and blind as I am, I could not do without him.

Julio. How happy should I be to be able to say I had company! How did you lose your eyes?

Paulo. My child took them with her.

Julio [*Starts with horror.*]

Paulo. It was a dear, good child.—Won't you see my picture?

Julio. Believe me, I am not at present in the humour for it.

Paulo. Give the picture here, son, you will buy it, I am sure.

Amante [*Sets up the picture.*]

Julio. Laura!——Paulo! Paulo!

Paulo. You know me then! You are the man I seek. I thank thee, O God, for as much as thou hast deprived my eyes of light, that I might not see the murderer of my dear daughter, my only joy.

Julio. What! dead and a saint in heaven, as thou appearest here—my Laura!

Paulo. That is a cruel question.—Julio, she died when you left her. And, in the joyous tumult of thy new life, did not the least rumour of it reach thee? What! no remembrance, no recollection? Did not thy heart smite thee, when she departed? On thee alone she called,—and weeping cried, Where is he? Ah! let him come, that I may bless him, love him, and die.

Julio. Be calm, Paulo! Thy revenge is too severe; thus to bring this into my sight. [*turning to the picture.*] Yes, it is thee; Laura! now a blessed angel in heaven! By this visit of thine, thou art quit with me. I have frequently forgot thee. But now, who could forget thee?—Thou smilest upon me! Ha! can I forget, how thou tookest the veil from
before

before thy weeping eyes, and saidst—Julio, I die!—
I went away, and left thee. O not this look to me,
my love!—So gentle, so good, and so deceived!

Paulo. Does she please you thus pale and dead?

Julio. Peace, good father, peace! it would do
thy heart good, couldst thou see, what passes within
me: Thou hast avenged thyself. [*looking towards the
picture.*] Here I am! shew thyself a father, and
take ample revenge; I will not stir an inch.

Paulo. God forbid! the maid that you see here
taught me to forget revenge. I forgive you; then
follow her to her grave, and tell her so.

Julio. Stay here!

Paulo. With the murderer of my child?

Julio. Thou art in the right. Take thy pic-
ture home with thee: I have seen enough.

Paulo. Julio! her last words were: "Take no
revenge on the sweet deceiver." The last words
she uttered was thy name! and no farewell to her
father. O Julio! cried she a few hours before her
death; there [*pointing upwards.*] I shall see thee,
there I shall love thee, as pure angels love, and come
to meet thee there with song and fond affection.
Then wilt thou never quit thy Laura, nor she thee.
Father, no revenge! O that Julio may but love me
there! O Julio, I never shall leave thee, though
thou hast left me! Death; how sweet art thou to me,
since thou art so kind, as not to chase my Julio's
image from before my eyes——

Julio. Paulo, no more! And does not her eye
still entreat thee here before my face? No revenge
upon me! And is not this revenge, Paulo!

Paulo. I have had my revenge. To give vent
to my grief, I painted this, and became blind.

Julio. Thou curstest me not; so much the worse.
My soul was on the brink of despair, ere thou camest,
and now——Go thy ways, old man! the sight of
thee is too sad and distressing. It was I that did all
this. Go! Go! for God's sake leave me!

I

Paulo.

Paulo. The picture stays here. Amante, thy stick!—Julio, we shall see each other again; then—my eyes will be opened.

Julio. Thou art——O could I but say that thou art cruel! [*taking him by the hand.*] Thou wouldst forgive me, if thou knewest all.

Paulo. Are these your tears, that bedew my hand?

Julio. Paulo! I dare not ask forgiveness, and as father, thou canst not grant it.

Paulo. Do not melt me farther; my heart is too much affected already. God-be with you!

[*Exit with Amante.*]

Julio, [*after a silence of some moments.*] Well: be it so then! thou remainest here with me, to make me feel the whole weight of my affliction. Thou wast a pure innocent maiden; and I deceived thee. Thou remainest here then! I cannot weep as yet: thou hast attacked me too violently. But to night and every night after, I will pour out my sighs and tears before thee. Not for pardon! Ah! of that thou hast assured me; thou hast forgiven me! Thou angel: wert thou still alive, and were I not the worst of sinners, I would drown thee with my tears, I would pour out my sorrows on thy bosom, and extort forgiveness from thee. But ah! thou wouldst once more turn pale and languish; thou wouldst die over again, should I but breathe on thee.—Thy father hopes to find redress before God, my Laura! Thou, dear angel, prayest for me!—To night then, my love, to night! [*Turns the picture with its face to the wall.*]

Enter Solina. Well, Sir! you grow daily more and more polite! You improve amazingly every day. Is this always to be the case, that one must be obliged to go in search of you! Do you no longer know your way to my apartment? I should almost be tempted to suppose, that another little Laura had done me the favour to fasten a magic thread round your heart. Am I right?

Julio.

Julio. O certainly! A thread that will draw me into the grave.

Solina. That would be terrible indeed! Who have you had to visit you just now?

Julio. A blind man whom I formerly knew in good circumstances, and to whom I have done but too much good, for which he has now requited me. But what court visitors have you had to day?

Solina. Count Drullo.

Julio. What! The broker of the Prince's heart?

Solina. Julio!

Julio. Solina!

Solina. The tears stand in thy eyes, and thou lookest deranged and wild. What has disfigured thy countenance thus?

Julio. Ha, Donna! how I am baited: how I am fooled—my senses are quite gone!

Solina. I have observed somewhat in thee, that perfectly lowers thee in my eyes: and if this humour does not change soon, if thou continuest to act the part of a weak, common man, let me whisper this to thy cowardly soul——

Julio. No more! I have heard enough.

Solina. Ha! then I am Solina again! Solina, where hast thou been? Where were thy eyes? thy spirit? that thou hast suffered thyself to be carried away by a weak, spiritless mortal. I would have inspired more confidence and strength of mind into the frigid heart of a Philosopher, than into thee, thou feverish, fantastical enthusiast. I see plainly Solina, there is no one for thee; thou canst instill thy spirit into no man. All the men are like bad instruments: stretch the chords as much as you please, they will not yield the tone required. At one moment they are screwed up too high, at another they are let down too low. There is no remedy. The fault is in the very structure of the instrument. Ha! the young man was acting a play. He has read Plutarch in a fever, and now thinks himself inspired.

O thou great man! Come, lay thy mask aside. Deny thyself no longer! Where then is Julio, who once so well comprehended me?

Julio. When one hears thee, when one beholds thee,—I could swear to my soul, that so it is! Yes, so it is!

Solina. What art thou raving about?

Julio. Donna! I would not mind it, were it to one, before whom Julio must bow, and feel his superiority. But, Solina, such a baboon, that is with respect to me, what thy Rosaura is, when compared to thee!—And then such a woman! so great! so divine! The only one of her kind, and so fallen! I can scarcely believe it myself, and yet—'tis most deplorably true: [*leading her to the looking glass.*] Prithee, Solina, look in this glass! behold this woman! See the great soul portrayed in this countenance. The least trait, if thou gavest it away, would make another female a Juno.

Solina. Hast thou finished thy declamation?

Julio. I say no more.

Solina. Julio! I have heard enough, to enable me to form a judgment of thee. Thou hast mistaken me: and that I will not bear. Think on Æmilius, and what thou hadst to do. From this day forward there is an end to every thing between us. I will hear nothing more of thee. In order to deserve me, thou must begin anew; and of that I despair. Thou hearest that I speak to thee mildly and gently. Let us part then. Thou remainest the fantastical enthusiast, and I Donna Solina.

Julio. Sayst thou thus?

Solina. That and no more.

Julio. See here! the deceased, true-hearted maid, whose soul hung upon me, and whom I deserted. [*turning the picture towards her.*] This victim I brought to thee, Solina, to be this day to be rejected by thee forever. It is Laura, about whom thou so oft hast rallied me. But I will not recall what is past. The blind man was her father.

Solina.

Solina. And her love to you was the cause of her death!

Julio. Need I repeat it?

Solina. Away! Away from me! Our whole sex should combine against thee, to torment thee. So sweet a creature! the very image of the Madonna in goodness and innocence. Thou droopest thy head! Pardon me, angel! I have done thee wrong; I have sinned against thee. Had I known thee; I would have kissed these holy lips while in their bloom. I would have pressed thee to my bosom with sisterly affection.

Julio. Do not disturb her ashes!

Solina. What I? Julio! it is not worth my while to answer thee. But canst thou look upon this, or even touch it without trembling? Does not the innocent girl smile damnation to thee? Oh Julio! Julio!

ACT IV.

SCENE. I.—*Solina's House.*

Solina and Rosaura.

Solina. This one bow more, and all is well. Now we have done, you may speak. What have you to say?

Rosaura. Indeed Donna, you are too cruel.

Solina. Go! you are a fool!

Rosaura. Only see how he goes along. Ah! so haggard and pale, wasting away daily with grief and anxiety—I fear it will even prove fatal to him.

Solina. You fear it, do you? Why, what would you have me do? Must I go and throw my arms about his neck, and demonstrate to him, that he is
mistaken

mistaken in his suspicions. Prithee, say no more about him.

Rosaura. Well! this is past my comprehension.

Solina. It is of great consequence truly, whether you comprehend it or not. I tell you, he may recover of himself if he can, or else go through a course of remedies, that may perhaps cost him his life. He shall rise up again great and worthy: he shall lose a hundred lives, ere my spirit shall take another bent on his account. Ah! what a pity it is that he does not see, this is his only way to succeed!—I love him, and would wish to assist him: but it cannot be in this manner; no, it cannot be. Go! I do not chuse to have any body with me.

Rosaura. Consider the ardor of his love!

Solina. Ha! in consequence of that he ought to be every thing; but he is a mere hero of romance. A poor weak creature wrought upon by the present moment, and agitated by the whirl-wind of his own heated imagination. Where are ye, great men, whose images administer delight and consolation to my soul? at the very recollection of whom my spirit soars to converse and communicate with yours? Is all, that made you so great and god-like, dead with you? These compared to you are but shadows, and, have nothing in common with you; but the name of man! Yes! I will take one of you, and love him, as though he were alive, shut myself up for life, and die true to him.

Rosaura. If you would but speak a word to him! But, in the manner in which you treat him, the appearance of things, together with your derision, must they not almost render him distracted, and make him forget every thing?

Solina. Peace, I say.

Pirro. Please your Ladyship, Count Drullo is below.

Solina. Let him come up! Rosaura!

[Exit Rosaura.]

[Enter

[*Enter Count Drullo.*] Great Donna, I come, because I must, and must, because I am forced, and because my own wishes force me.

Solina. There can certainly be no objection made to this.

Drullo. You are very kind, Madam! The Prince throws all his watches about the room, curses their tardiness for not bringing the hours so soon as his passion demands; asks every body that he meets, how Donna Solina finds herself after last night's dance, and whether she is not come yet. As for the plume of feathers, that he picked up yesterday, he would not part with it for a kingdom. Are you not affected by this?

Solina. Very deeply.

Drullo. Then I may congratulate myself. A heart, that is touched, is more apt to sympathize with the feelings of others, and so I hope the message I have brought will have its effect. As I said, I was forced to come not only on the Prince's account; but, to say the truth, I had some little interest of my own to pursue—and if you would be so kind as to look at me with a somewhat milder and less dignified aspect, that I might raise my eyes up to yours, and let them speak the sweet language of love; I would say in one word, without any flight whatever, but with all the poetry that love produces in a sensible heart, Donna Solina, I love you!

Solina. Fine! extremely fine!

Drullo. And would farther say, Prince Galbino also loves you; but as I love——

Laura. Very trusty and honourable. And if I wanted to have the very opposite to love painted, do you know who I would desire to sit to the painter?

Drullo. Count Drullo?

Solina. Excellent!

Drullo. Donna, with your soul, with these feelings—we would turn the world topsy-turvy; what could

could withstand us? What place in the wide world do you find worthy of your wishes?

Solina. Count, suppose for a while, that I were skilled in palmistry, and consequently could read in your hand the true state of you and your love: after this you may conclude from my prophecy the answer to your noble passion. Your hand, if you please! [*looking in his hand*] Poor de la Valiere, that dear creature your first spouse! It was a good soul, the Marchioness de la Valiere. Her noble-minded husband made her over to the Viceroy in America as a female companion: he threatened her with his banditti; the poor French damsel was terrified, and her lord and husband became a man of weight and importance in America, through his alliance with the Viceroy. She is said to have died very poor and miserable. Did I not here see delineated still more horrid things, my tears would flow even now——Lofty Gabriela! your second spouse. Ha! It appears to me, as if your soul bowed down to the name of the Heroine. Admirable woman! tranquil and calm in her greatness! Her worthy spouse himself gave her the poisoned cup, and bad her “drink and die,” and this, because she refused to be mistress to the king. And thou, patient melancholy maiden, sister of my youth, dear Countess Brunella, the monster’s third wife.—Come, shall we take a trip to Portugal and visit her grave? Dearest Brunella! Away with your hand! My tears must prove hell-fire to you, if they fell upon it.

Drullo, No matter! I would kiss them off with rapture. But I must admire your prophetic spirit. One would be tempted to say, that your divinatory genius had occupied itself with nothing else than following Drullo’s footsteps through life!

Solina. Cold——and a mere nothing!

Drullo. Nothing more, than that you see things in a wrong point of view,

Solina. Leave me!

Drullo.

Drullo. . Alas! that thou art dead, Aftolphi! Is it not true, that he was your divinatory genius? Wert thou ftill in being, I would travel all the world over to find thee out. Donna, I raifed him from the dunghill, and he has betrayed me. How ungrateful is mankind! Do but fee, Donna, how ungrateful is mankind!

Solina. Horrid creature!

Drullo. You are the firft perfon from whom I have learned any thing of the hiftory of Count Drullo. I hope you are the only one, that knows it. And hark ye, Donna! a word in your ear!—I beg, Donna, that, if you have an enemy, you would entruft him with Drullo's Hiftory, and you will have an enemy the lefs. But, from a friend, conceal it; for I fhould be forry to occafion you any uneafinefs. Do not imagine that I fpeak this from fear. Drullo fears no one. But, like every body elfe, I have my humour.

Solina. Leave me!—Spirit of my Brunella!

Drullo. So very foon I cannot go. By my hand you have told me things that are paff, and that I had long fince forgot. And who would go to confute old forgotten ftories? Suppose that I underftood the art of reading people's future fortune in their faces. —Donna! not this look! by the fhade of my Brunella! I would fooner look at the fun at noon day, than at your eyes, when they lighten thus.---My divinatory genius calls aloud: Donna Solina is Dutcheffs in this land, as foon as fhe pleafes!

Solina. Wretch!

Drullo. And, to change the fubject: the Prince will explain himfelf to you to day after dinner. He could wifh, that, as his confort goes but flowly to the grave, and his love cannot brook delay, he could wifh, I fay, that you would be to him what the Marchionefs de la Valiere was to the Viceroy—his friend I mean.

Solina. O I could strangle thee! abject wretch! I cannot bear thy breath, nor thy shadow in my apartment:--Be firm, my spirit! Out! Get out of my sight!

Drullo. Donna!

Solina. Out of my sight, I say! or I will call my chambermaids to thrash your unhallowed lips with their fans, till you cry like a child. I Mistress to any man! If all the Kings on the earth laid their crowns at my feet, as the price of my chastity, I would refuse them. What! you seem astonished?

Drullo. Is it an Italian lady that speaks to me? a Donna Solina? Consider, Donna! Ambition! Ambition!

Solina. Yes! It is an Italian lady that speaks to you. I am Donna Solina. And in this lies the greatest ambition. What debase myself thus! For your gew gaw of a world I'd not!

Drullo. Donna, pardon me! I admire you: I behold you with astonishment! Pardon me! Had I known the greatness of your soul!—And if you do not chuse—as indeed you have no occasion—then accept the Prince's hand. You may be Dutchess, as soon as you please.

Solina. And the constant and faithful sufferer poisoned! Get out of my sight!

Drullo. I spoke but for the prince, who will talk to you in the same stile. You must forgive me. It was fore against my will, and merely by compulsion, that I have affronted you. And so Donna, we are all together nothing, compared to the poet Julio. We shall see that soon.

Solina. I beg you would go, and tell the Prince I will come; tell him too——

Drullo. I shall not say a word more. Again forgive me!

Solina. Does the Duchess dine with you?

Drullo. The Prince has invited her. [*Exit.*

Solina.

Solina. Pirro! Pirro!—Into what a fury he has put me! Be calm, my deeply-wounded soul! Cool and calm! The villain! I could scarcely keep my hands from him. The murderer of my Brunella, and dare to say this to me! Yes! I will come to you, and your dastardly souls shall tremble. Ha! I will tread the slaves into the dust—To day or never! What is this that rises in me, and how is it, that I cannot recover myself?—Julio! all this I suffer on thy account. Pirro! Pirro! [*Enter Pirro.*] Why did you delay so long? Take your lute, and play me that air! Look at me! that air I mean! Do you understand me?

Pirro. Certainly, Madam! I see by your looks what kind of music you wish for.

Solina. Bravo, my boy! play your best! and come quick to the passage that puts my soul in unison with itself. Do not make a long flourish.—Come, let us see what you are capable of doing. Pirro! O what a wretch! and had it not been for me, had I not been active and vigilant!—Pirro!

Pirro [*plays an air.*]

Solina. This has somewhat composed me. Now you may go. And now the storm of passion is laid within me; my soul stands firm and collected, and I laugh at them all. O God! thou that hast given me this courage, hast given me this heart, that I can see no one suffer, without feeling for them, assist me in my troubles! Julio! fie on it! thus vilely to mistake me! [*clasping her hands together.*] Heaven be praised, that I am still Solina! That every thing tells me, I am Solina. [*calls Pirro in*] Let the horses be put to the carriage. I will get rid of thee, mighty love! Let them calumniate me: I will extricate myself from the crowd, and shine forth like the stars through the dark misty clouds. I will get rid of thee: and then—into a convent!—Julio!—Ha! what! a tear? Away; vanish this instant! Love! Ha! ha! ha!

[*Enter Julio.*] Ha! ha! ha! I heard a loud laugh, as I came in at the door.—It was at my expence, was it not, Donna? I only came to ask, whether I should have the honor of accompanying you to court.

Solina. Thou abandoned wretch! without eyes, heart or feeling.

Julio. He met me: we baited each other finely, and the sport pleased me much. Ha! how he laughed, Donna! and whispered me in my ear—I will write the words down this instant in my pocket-book [*takes out his pocket-book*] Donna; how delightful it is to be raving mad, and cry like a child! I wished you to read this—but see there! my tears standing still wet upon it! 'Tis out! 'tis blotted out! and here it is! [*clapping his hand on his breast*] and here it is, and here it rages! [*striking his hand on his forehead*] How happy were I, had I no senses,—were I dull and insensible to every thing.--Devil! Devil! Devil!

Solina. Rave, my love! rave on! in the mean time I will play a little air; and we will see which has the best of it. [*plays on her lute.*]

Julio. Donna, you managed your affairs well! excellently well, the Devil take me! Another such stroke, and either I bid farewell to this world, or he.

Solina. What stuff!

Julio. Let me look at thy hand; not kiss it! Heaven forbid! What! another man's property! Ha! look! by my soul! a red spot on this round white hand, that is too good for an emperor to kiss. A red spot, where he has pressed his yellow, flaccid, voluptuous lips. Ha! the monster has bit it in the fervor of his passion. By heaven! I shall see this spot in imagination for months to come. That any one should presume to kiss Donna Solina thus! And these delightful blue veins! And how this sweet hand glides over the lute. Ah, cease these notes!

I must

I must finish what I had to say. Thou shalt not enchant me! by heaven, thou shalt not!

Solina [*leaves off playing*] Thou seest, I do not.

Julio. O the complaisant Donna!—This divine little hand, unrivalled in the whole creation! [*taking her hand*] Such a fellow too! A kiss, of which the impression remains twelve hours. Twelve hours? Nay, three days! A kiss, that is still visible, and was imprinted on this hand last week!

Solina. A month! A month ago! ha! ha! ha!

Julio. Ha! ha! ha! I can laugh too, and to the same pitch. Dost thou hear? Ha! ha! ha! how dreary it echoes back from the walls! Donna! the black feather waves on his hat, and proclaims his triumph and my death! and so willingly yielded up to him! Solina! an ensign of victory so willingly yielded up to him.—I could love thee again, if thou still hadst the plume on thy hat, and this spot were away, that accuses thee thus loudly, and calls out for fury and vengeance.

Solina. Thou art out of thy wits, my dear boy!

Julio. I too can smile, Donna! See how delightfully I smile; and thus would I smile, if—

Solina [*lifts up her hand to strike him.*]

Julio. I would laugh at myself for being such a stupid hound. O I could strangle thee, and him, and the whole world besides! Come, laugh at my frenzy! it will do thee good after thy dance. Ha! ha! ha! Excellent woman! Chasse woman!

Solina. Go on, Julio! Solina's soul be upon thee!--To-morrow it will be my turn. Come! I will set me down upon the sofa, and thou shalt act the part of a jealous lover before me. What hast thou seen then?

Julio. O nothing, nothing at all! I cannot say, --but things went I know not how. Come! tell me how it was. But no! Stay! I will rack my brains, and relate it to thee: You danced country dances, did you not?

Solina.

Solina. We did.

Julio. Thou promisedst to be my partner. But I have been told; that a virtuous lady,——a chaste lady never keeps her promise, and so---thou gavest the Prince thy hand before my face. And I---I went into the garden, and was ready to pluck the trees up by the roots.---But, to be calm---I returned just at the instant when he came flying down the dance with thee. Ah! It went so majestic, so rapid. At the top Donna Solina's plume had fallen to the ground. Nobody took notice of it. He only had his fair partner so strongly fixed in his eye.---The plume fell; and he darted like an arrow through all the dancers, stuck the plume in his hat, gave thee his hand, and then --the triumph, the kifs---and here the mark that will remain to all eternity.

Solina. Thou art not worthy that I should spend my breath upon thee.---And see, Wretch! on thy account it is, that I am harrassed; on thy account am I insulted. And of all the insults I suffer, those that thou puttest upon me are the bitterest. Ha! this one struggle, and I am victorious over thee, and over you all. On thy account it was that I came into all these disagreeable situations; heaven, I trust will extricate me, a poor weak woman, from them. And then, Julio! wilt thou know; then wilt thou see, that this present moment, in which I endure every thing from thee, was the greatest of my life. I am not enfeebled, I am not melted into tenderness, as mildly as I speak to thee. On the contrary, I was never so strong. Shall I look thee full in the face? I dare not, I cannot. Lift up thy eyes only and see. My God! what men dost thou send into the world? I am insulted for love of him; and he distresses and torments me.

Julio. Am I not baited; and are not things done before my face, that will precipitate me into the grave?

Solina.

Solina. Say no more. I have been at some pains to stifle my anger. Call it not forth. To day thou shalt see, what I am capable of, and thy soul shall shrink before me.

Julio. Donna! I wish I could say, that I was deceived, throw myself at thy feet, and—Oh Donna! that I could express, what I feel at my heart. Save me! O save me from the horrors of suspense and doubt!

Solina. No! No! did not I tell thee, when I gave thee my love, that thou wouldst not stand the trial? And is it not long since evident? I condescended so far, as still to bear with thee, and await the end.

Julio. Let me tell thee——

Solina. Silence! [*a knocking at the door.*] Come in!

[*Enter a Milliner with a Basket.*] Your Ladyship ordered me to come to day.

Solina. What have you got. [*looking over her basket, takes a dagger out of it.*] Why do you hide this up so?

Milliner. It is not an article for every body to buy.

Solina. It is a curious thing however. Ha! an odd thought is come into my head——What will you have for it?

Milliner. A Louisdor, please your Ladyship, on account of the blade.

Solina. There is your money. Go your way, and come again in a few days. At present I have no leisure to think of dress and finery.

[*Exit Milliner.*

Ha! I should think that a friend like this can never do any harm. In certain circumstances we have need of friends, on whom we can depend. Thou charming little fellow! I have given far more than thy value for thee. So dear art thou to me, I will treasure thee up as one would treasure up one's dearest friend. [*puts the dagger up in her bosom.*] Art thou

thou jealous, Julio, of this my bosom friend? It shall go every where with me, and under its guard I shall dread nothing.

Julio. Donna!

Solina. Come! it is time to go. The horses are put to the carriage, and, Julio, this is not the day to let people wait for one.

Julio. I cannot let thee go yet---[*lays hold of her hand*] Donna, take the film quite away from before my eyes, and free me from tormenting doubts! I will then explain matters to thee, and will shew thee, that I have been vigilant, and wrought assiduously in all this storm. Dost thou love me? It is light all around me. Let me beg of thee, my love, to consider my situation; how every thing has conspired to assault, and depress me. Should I tell thee how they managed matters to bring them to this pass---thou wouldst forgive thy Julio.

Solina. It ought never to have happened. Who is Solina?

Julio. O for one of those looks only, that my soul may comprehend thine anew.

Solina. Julio!

Julio. One word, my angel! and then love and forgiveness. I will say I was weak. Create me anew, and make me worthy of thee.

Solina. Thy wretched management had like to have spoiled all. That Laura's fate hurried thee away, I forgive thee. But, Julio, the last! and besides, to suffer our great and worthy friend to perish.

Julio. No, Solina! thou art mistaken. Pasquino and I have brought matters to that issue; that we can finish this evening. I forbade him to inform you of it, that I might the better convince you of my zeal, after the affair was completed.

Solina. Ha! Old Pasquino, thou hast managed matters well. I did the same, and so we have both been working to the same end. But didst thou not perceive,

perceive, that I was obliged to lay them asleep, as it were, by my conduct.

Julio. Donna! what has not my soul suffered?

Solina. Do not weep: Come to my arms, my love!

Julio. Let me weep! my Solina!

Solina. I am ever thine. Thine, to lead thee to repose and happiness, amidst the noise and tumult of the world. Weak, weak creature! Yes! I am thine.

Julio [*falling into her arms.*] Mine, Solina! how this word infuses into me fresh powers, vigour and courage.

Solina. Come! and we will put the finishing stroke to the work. Go on, and feign the part thou hast hitherto acted in earnest, so that we may be perfectly secure. This day must make thee worthy of me!

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Count Drullo. Carlo *full dressed.*

Carlo. My Lord!

Drullo. What art thou acting now, lad?

Carlo. At present a Baron on his travels, that is come to pay his court to you.

Drullo. Thou Harlequin! Answer me quick, Carlo!

Carlo. The Baron of Veglio. How do you like me, my Lord? Do not be impatient! They are done for! old Pasquino and Julio. They are all done for! I must go a great way back to tell you the whole.

Drullo. Only say how affairs stand at present. You know that I do not trouble my head about the

L

trick,

trick, till it is completed. Then, in my opinion, is the time for laughing. Well then?

Carlo. All our people have got admitted among the conspirators against the Prince and his party. They sit along with them, and lie through thick and thin to them about their fidelity and courage. Pasquino's token for the attack is Julio's seal. The fellow is to bring it himself, and we are to be led on by him. Observe, Pasquino's people are to come some time after. Upon the first signal that is made by you, we break in.

Drullo. Excellent! Bravo!

Carlo. But who is to pay the score? How shall we treat these gentry?

Drullo. Do you know Donna Solina?

Carlo. Know her? our people swear by her.

Drullo. She must pass free: For she is the stake we play for. Carlo, she had like to have put us into a heat. When the farce is over, we will whirl her away from the spot with our six stallions at such a rate, that her head shall run round. And then away to the colony. As for the Dutchess, let her go.

Carlo. But——

Drullo. But what? What do I care about her? The Prince shall through her get into a devilish scrape, as he has well deserved of us.

Carlo. Must the Donna set off directly?

Drullo. Have I given thee orders for that? No! she shall stay, and see Julio's end. You all know Ludovico, do not you?

Carlo. What! Red-head? Who does not know him?

Drullo. I give you him for a turnspit. The rascal richly deserves it.

Carlo. Much obliged to your Lordship!

Drullo. Only get him on board. But Carlo! there is something else. Perhaps you will be able to remain quiet and peaceable at the door. You know

know my way, that I always rather chuse to appear inactive, and that to do this gives me double pleasure. Change your dress!—Ludovico is to give the Dutchess poison, that is to be a month before it operates. Mind, that you lay hold of Julio before dinner, and whisper him with tears in your eyes, “Save the Dutchess. He that offers her the cup with these words, *Consort of the great Æmilius*, gives her poison.” The rest you will know how to order of yourself. But observe—before dinner. His hot blood will do all the rest for us; and should he be backward, I will tip you the wink.

Carlo. Let me alone for that!

Drullo. To night come to me. You must go your rounds about the court. I have taken care to throw out several innuendoes of importance, and you will find that you will have sufficient employment. Carlo, a halter for the man that is caught tripping.

Carlo. He must be a sorry fellow indeed.——
I think we have shown that we too can do something. To day we fast; but to-morrow we will carouse.

[*Enter the Prince.*]

Drullo [*embracing Carlo.*] Farewell Baron! I am heartily sorry, that I cannot enjoy your company longer. A good journey to you, my dear friend!

Prince. She is here, Count! She is here!

Drullo. And you not with her? I ever said that you knew how to conquer, but not to avail yourself of your conquests.

Prince. How! did she not go directly to the Dutchess, without looking about her one way or the other, and nothing could detain her? Count! my heart is fraught with love, gall and fury. They war one against the other, and the tumult is so great, that my heart can scarcely be contained within my breast.

Drullo.

Drullo. Prince! I have a great deal to say to you: but you shall first see what I have done, and then I am sure of thanks. [*Enter Ludovico.*]

Prince [*to Ludovico.*] What are you laughing at by yourself all day long? and how is it that you appear, notwithstanding my wretched situation, to be the very image of happiness?

Ludovico. There was a wise nation, that wept when a human being came into the world, and laughed when it went out.

Prince. Wisdom! Who can resist thee, when thou appearest in the shape of Ludovico?

Drullo. [*looking through the window*] Did you ever see a man take such strides?

Prince. Who is it?

Drullo. Julio. What ails the fellow?

Ludovico. Mad! mad! Poor cousin! laugh at my philosophy! hem! He has great projects stirring in his brain I'll warrant ye.—Ha! a mere burlesque upon the dignity of man. Prithee, good cousin, hold thy head in a different posture.—How now! What means this rolling of the eyes? Only see, Prince! only see him! has not he the air, as if he would destroy worlds, and create them again. Poor cousin! laugh at my philosophy!

Prince. I never heard thee say so much before.

Drullo. Ha! ha! ha! I shall burst my sides with laughing! Ha! ha! ha!

Ludovico. Bravo, Count! To day I am pleased beyond measure to hear any body laugh. Ha! ha! ha! O how ticklish my nerves are to-day! how disposed for laughter! Prince! come, Prince! Vive la bagatelle. If any one would but tell me a merry story now! How I could laugh. He! he! he!

Drullo. Patience! Lord Marshall. I will give you somewhat to laugh at till you burst your sides.

Ludovico. Thank you! Thank you heartily! But a little mirth now can do no harm! I consider it

as the greatest felicity of man to be able to laugh heartily. He! he! Prince! why so serious?

Prince. By my faith! thou art very diverting. Ha! ha! ha!

Ludovico. Excellent! Excellent! O what a wise nation! What a wise nation! [Exit.]

Prince. Come, Count! You understand him however! To me he seems, as though he wanted courage. [Exit.]

Drullo. Go! I will play you all such a rare trick, that you shall laugh yourselves to death. Ticklish nerves! Inflammatory blood! Hey! [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Dutchess and Solina.

Solina. It shall—it must be so. I will turn him, and wind him, and lead him by a thread.

Dutchess. Come to my heart! I now for the first time, perceive how great thou art. Deliver me! and then—joy without end.

Solina. He is now warm, do you see! From warm he shall pass to a glowing heat, so that at length I will drive him quite out of his senses. For a few hours I will appear worse than I am; I will conquer myself; as much as this heart rises against me: I will hang up a picture before him, full of hope and happiness. And when, the wished for moment being arrived, he catches at it, presto! it shall suddenly rise up out of his reach, and leave him in the lurch staring and wondering how it happened.

Dutchess. How shall I ever repay such unexampled love?—O the murderer! the murderer!

Solina. Hush! hush!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*A different Room from the former.*

Enter the Prince and Solina.

Solina. Your Highness was too loud. I was forced to go. Leave me!

Prince. No! no! Too loud, Donna? Ha! how can I be louder than the love that speaks in my eyes, in my countenance. Give me leave to address you then. Great, enchanting Donna!—If I should tell you—O bless me with this hand!—but for a moment longer! How is this, Donna? And this plume of feathers, that elevates me with hope, when it waves to and fro; when it droops, casts me down with despair.

Solina. Delightful enthusiasm!

Prince. O that word from these lips! [*offering to kiss her, she puts him back.*] Donna! Donna! and has he told you? has Count Drullo told you?—

Solina. My answer you may, and ought to read in my eyes.

Prince. Grant my suit! or else—

Solina. Ha! what means this rolling of the eyes? this frown, these gestures? Leave me! Hark! The Dutchess calls me—Unhand me! unhand me, I say!

Prince. Donna! You can make of me what you please. You can make my heart gentle and good—And if these enchanting lips, these glowing eyes reject me—the whole mass of my blood will turn to venom, and I shall deal destruction all around me.

[*A tumult and noise behind the Scenes.*]

Solina. Ha! her voice—my Julio's voice! [*breaks away from him.*]

Prince.

Prince. Stay, Donna! stay! You are dead, if you offer to stir from this spot!

[*The Dutcheſs ruſhes in. Julio with his drawn ſword in his hand, and holding Ludovico by the collar: Drullo and ſeveral others.*]

Julio. Come, Couſin! Come along! O thou devil! Thy countenance always told me in thy youth, that thou wouldſt one day deal in poiſon. Doſt thou know this Prince? Doſt thou know him? Speak! Ha! how pale! Doſt thou know him, I ſay? Why doſt thou tremble thus? Is he not a murderer? Confels! Confels Couſin!

Ludovico. Let me go!

Julio. Aye, crouch under me, do! Thou ſhalt not die yet. Confels!

Prince. What! are you mad, both of you? will you let him alone?

Dutcheſs [*runs in between them, and falls into So-
lina's arms.*] A murderer, Donna! The Lord Mar-
ſhall was going to give me poiſon. See! do but ſee,
how they underſtand each other. What! me? me
poiſon? [*drags Ludovico to the ground*] Confels!
Confels! that all may hear it. Break open the door,
good people——Nail him down to the floor! pierce
every limb of him, and he will confels it.

Prince. Get away from him! let him go!

Dutcheſs. Obſerve only! He begs for him. Ha!
pale-faced Galbino, 'tis thou that haſt ſet him on;
'tis thou that haſt murdered my Æmilius. I will
drag thee to him. Joy! Joy! the murderers are
taken. Ha! how they tremble and ſhake! O my
Æmilius, this is our firſt happy day. How they
ſtand and tremble!

Prince. Put her out of the room; ſhe is mad.

Dutcheſs. Mad! Come! I will ſhew thee how
mad I am. Wilt thou ſpeak? [*lays hold of Ludo-
vico, who takes out a Dagger unobſerved*] Julio!
Julio!

Julio.

Julio. O, by heavens! I'll send thy accursed soul——

[Makes a pass at him and wounds him.]

Ludovico. Prince!

Prince. Lay down your sword. You shall pay dearly for his life. *[aside to Drullo,]* Thrust that red-headed fellow out, and give him another stab.

Drullo. It shall be done.

Julio *[running between them]* My sword? ha! approach me who dares! It shall pass through all your murderous hearts.

Solina. Be firm, Julio! Bravo, Julio! Help!

Dutchess. He has twice saved my life. What, villain! His sword? I'd tear thee in pieces first. The child I bear about me, gives me the strength of a lion.

Prince. He had suborned him to commit the murder, and for that reason he has assassinated him. I will avenge him. Lay hold of this man!

Julio. Here I am to settle with you all. You have caused Æmilius to be murdered—Ha! why so dispirited and downcast, as if his shade had overpowered you! I demand vengeance for his manes, and the crown for his illustrious widow.

Drullo *[opens the door, and Carlo enters with his people, Pasquino attempts to follow them.]*

Carlo. You may go your way now. We have no occasion for you. Bolt the door fast!

[thrusts him out.]

Dutchess. Pasquino! Pasquino! Come, and assist my friends.

Julio Why do you linger? I accuse the Prince of having suborned people to poison the widow of Æmilius.

Solina. What keeps you back, slaves as ye are?

Carlo. It is time to let you into the secret. This Julio, please your Highness, and old Pasquino have, with several others, conspired against you. But there were some honest fellows among them, that
viewed

viewed the affair in a different light: and here they are at your service.

Dutchess. Donna! Donna! we are betrayed.

Solina. Keep up your spirits: be not enfeebled!

Dutchess. I enfeebled? and have my murderer before my eyes? Ha! ha! ha! I could kill them all myself. Julio, be firm!

Julio. Perjured wretches! my life shall cost you dear.

Drullo [*makes a signal to Carlo.*]

Prince. Lay him in chains.

Julio. That I laugh at. [*several of the conspirators carry the Dutchess off by force.*] Whoso values his life, let him quit his hold of the Dutchess. [*fighting his way through them.*]

Prince. Lay hold of him!

Carlo. We have more without!

Solina. More slaves, have you not? Thou look'st very like Drullo. [*attempts to go out.*]

Prince. Stay here, Donna, if you wish to save Julio.

Solina. To save! ha! ha! ha! save whom? Do you think we are afraid of such as you? We will save ourselves, and laugh at you all. [*takes out her dagger.*] Approach, if you please! I pray you, my sweet Prince, come but a step nearer! You understand me! And so farewell. Ha! ha! ha! how the baboon stares! Save me? Courage Julio! I hear thee raging from afar; thy Donna is near.

[*Exit followed by the Prince.*]

Drullo. This has gone off pretty well however upon the whole. Have a little patience, my dear Donna! Thou puttest things of great import into my head!—Art thou yet alive, Red-head? Come! I will tell thee a merry tale: I will see, if thy nerves are still as ticklish, as they were. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

=====
Enter the Prince and Count Drullo.

Prince. This palace is hell itself! My abode is in dark and gloomy sepulchres; and it appears to me, as if the worms were devouring me alive! What means this shadowy form?—The Prince of darkness surely makes his sport of me, to pourtray every thing in such black colours before my eyes! Accursed! accursed! accursed for ever!—How you sit there! Are you at your ease then? Shame on you! to look so plump and rosy, in despite of me, who am a mere shadow. Pine away to a skeleton, gnash thy teeth, let thy lips grow yellow, and I will give thee a pension.

Drullo. Be quiet and calm. Revenge obtained makes a man thrive. You will soon be restored to health. It is necessary for one of us to look out, and be upon the watch; while the other goes about raving with rage and the anguish of disappointment.

Prince. What revenge am I likely to attain? Is not the Dutchess on her way hither attended by thousands; and has not the king taken her part, and forgot what I have done for him? Drullo, how is it that that woman has escaped us? Have not you let her go on purpose? Ha! I shall require her at your hands.

Drullo. Require her at my hands? Ha! is this the thanks I receive for having saved you? Had it not been for me, would you not have been, where Julio is now? I took charge of every thing, while you staggered about, intoxicated with the enchanted cup

cup of Armida. What advantage do I derive from it? Who saved you? There he stood singly with his sword against a multitude; and none other had withstood his look—his prowess: Drullo's people only regarded him not. His Donna too with her drawn dagger near him, that every body seemed petrified. He has mortally wounded my Carlo, and maimed five of my best fellows. Who will restore them to me? Who sent the populace, that was rising in crowds, with a tale of a tub, home again? Whose people are they, that range up and down in the towns and villages, and propagate the stories put into their mouths by Drullo? That it will no longer do, is not my fault. I cannot keep the Dutchess back—and yet—we would have seen——

Prince. Have patience with me! Oh Drullo! didst thou but see, didst thou but feel how it fares with me——Hell and the devil are within me.—Assist me then! and observe; they sit together, while here all is lonesome, dreary and void.

Drullo. Send somebody to him then, to take off his head. The whole country is in rebellion. The Dutchess is on her way hither, and the people worship him. Off with his head! I say.

Prince. Is that revenge? Is that revenge? I would wish to torment him for ever.

Drullo. Then leave him to me, and I will send him away this very night. I always told you Julio was a man, that does not regard in the least the loss of life. These people have the old Roman spirit.—What would that be to him then? My advice is, to send him on board of a galley. There he may tug at the oar, till his great sentiments evaporate in sighs and groans, extorted from him by pain and complicated misery. If you chuse to do this, resolve upon it quickly. I have news of a ship that is soon to set sail for America; in no other way can I serve you in this affair.

Prince. Send him away then this very night, and promise me to torment him incessantly, till at length he yields up his haughty soul with inexpressible anguish. As for the Donna, I will take her up behind me, and ride away with her from hence, then return, and set fire to the whole country, till it acknowledges my authority.—The rebellion prevails in town and country: I will fly in order to fall upon them the sooner.

Drullo. Only come to one firm and fixed resolve, and all will be well in the end.

Prince. The Donna has sent to me, to ask for this one day more, and then she will surrender herself. Avenge me! dear Drullo, avenge me! O that I could transfuse into thy breast the insatiable thirst for tormenting him, that rages in me; so that thou mightest press out the blood from his heart drop by drop with agonizing torture. Let me beg of thee to see, that he does the work of twenty men. Only take care that he does not die. I beg of thee, Drullo. see, that she sits by him, and that they laugh, and scorn, and fret together; and I will see in the mean time, when I shall chuse to have her. Had she not presented the point of her dagger to me, I would long ere this have carried her off: I intreat thee to torment him for it! Only remember to keep him alive, as long as possible. Give him strengthening potions, and dainties, if you will; so that you torture him. Supply him with food, so as to prolong his life, only take care to torment him.

[*Enter the Master of the Horse.*] Please your Highness the Neapolitan is dead.

Prince. Then die thou likewise—[*looking about for a weapon.*]

[*The Master of the Horse runs off.*]

Prince. Stay a little! thou shalt pay for this horse with thy life.

Drullo. Why! the poor creature was ill.

Prince.

Prince. You have given it poison on purpose to plague me. You all see that I hang by a slender thread. If I could enrich you, and make ministers of you, then you would crawl on your hands and knees to me, and lick the dust from off my feet.

Drullo. I hope your Highness does not mean me?

Prince. How often have I told you, that you should not take any thing to yourself? I entreat thee, Drullo, have patience!

Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Please your Highness! your consort requests you to come to her as soon as possible. The physician assures us that she cannot live an hour.

Prince. I cannot! I cannot!

Drullo. Nay! but go. I will take care to order every thing.

Prince. Well! I'll come. Drullo, how can I approach the bed of this poor, afflicted creature? How can I bear to see her pallid countenance, and to hear her speak mildly and gently to me?—Did she curse me, I would follow her even to hell. And yet—I would murder her this very minute, if she stood in my way——

Drullo. Well! but go!

Prince. Send to inform him of his doom, and Solina shall quit the place. My carriage shall fetch her away. Drullo, I cannot go to her myself; my heart is too strongly agitated. Oh Drullo, do but make him feel, what I suffer! [Exit.]

Drullo. Now will we make the proper provisions and then take our leave, en cavalier, and make you all feel it together. Adieu! my sweet Prince, Adieu! [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A State Prison.*

Julio and Solina.

Julio. I feel it, Solina, I feel it! This place and inactivity will make an end of me. O had I but with ardor rushed onward to the goal, like a man, even without having attained it, I had yet in some measure attained it. I had pulled down every thing with me in my fall; and my spirit, soaring far above my ashes, had lived on to future worlds, an example to the few generous mortals, whose hearts shall beat incessantly, like mine, when in my early youth I lay prostrate before the great men of antiquity, and my spirit outgrew itself.

Solima. And now—when thou mightest be every thing!

Julio. Ha! there it hangs before me as lively and distinct, as though it had been wrought in tapestry. It is with me, as with a dethroned, enterprising monarch, who has made too great encroachments on his neighbours and subjects. This heart requires to be incessantly agitated. How shall I be able to bear this chilling, torturing state of inactivity? What a gift is this from heaven, Solina; greatness of mind, an enterprising spirit, and the living under such reptiles as these, and the being thrown by them into this dungeon!

Solima. And then to gain a victory over one's passions, so as to bear it all with patience!

Julio. In so much that we look like common mortals.

Solima. Sayest thou so?

Julio. I beat my breast, till it rings again. I tear my flesh, till it bleeds. How shall I answer it to myself? Ah, when I think of these fellows!

Solima.

Solina. That thou shouldst not do. They are not worthy, that we should bestow a moment's thought upon them. Go on writing, where thou leatest off.

Julio. What kind of a procedute is this? To let others act, and be one's self inactive? Is not that the same, as if one were to shut up a gallant soldier, panting for war and glory, and make him register the actions of his rival? Rest, Solina, was not made for us.

Solina. No! nor for any, Julio, but those wretches, with whom waking and sleeping are the same thing. God is ever in action, is perpetually employed in the great works of preservation, impulsion, creation and animation. And yet we, that are animated by him, and destined for action, in us the blood creeps languidly through our veins, as though we were in a swoon.—Julio! when I look at thee!

Julio. And observest, how all the significant traces in my face are vanished, and at the same time the vigour of my mind is gone.—

Solina. And my face become so spiritless and insipid, that it seems fit only for a cloister—

Julio. No! that is going too far. That cannot be destroyed in thee. Thou art still Solina! Thy glance still pierces through souls, and compels them to obedience. Ah! when I see thee---beaming forth beauty, sense, and dignity! see for what thou art destined! For what thou art destined? Nay, what thou art! And at the same time perceive that we are now reduced, merely to combat with ourselves, to destroy ourselves, to see ourselves blown out, as it were, like the feeble flame of a lamp.

Solina. I am not Solina, if thou talkest thus. Recall, what thou hast said!

Julio. Donna! [*taking hold of her hand*] My love! take leave of me. Await not the end. Thou seest that they mean to kill me gradually by delay. Then leave me!

Solina.

Solina. Leave thee ! Leave thee thus ? Says thy heart so ?

Julio. I intreat thee to do it. I suspect that I must gradually perish, and pine away here. Thou hast suffered long enough with me in this prison. Thy soul will, and must be free.

Solina. I will not forsake thee. My love shall share thy fate. Dost thou know who waits for me ?

Julio. I fear no rival now.

Solina. Say no more ! We are free ; we are free here ! Thou sufferest doubly without me.

Julio. Admirable love ! what a thought is this, thus to perish.

Solina. Hast thou not done a deed that crowns thee with the praise of all good men ? What can the slaves do ?

Julio. Await it not !

Solina. We are great enough to hold all this in contempt.

[*Enter a Messenger.*] Sir, read the Prince's pleasure !

Julio. " In two hours—on board o' ship—to America---Drullo." What ! a Galley too ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! Commend me to the Prince : I will hold myself in readiness.

Messenger. Donna ! the Prince hopes you will follow me.

Solina. And I hope the Prince will have the goodness to send for me an hour hence.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Julio. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Excellently well contrived and slave-like enough. Quite worthy of them ! Now Donna ! leave me to my fate.

Solina. What sayest thou ?

Julio. Read it only. Our ties are dissolved. God be thanked, that thou readest it with such firmness. A slave for ever. That is all ! Leave me, my love !

Solina.

Solina. Julio! my Julio!

Julio. Think not of it. Go thy way in peace. I have sacrificed myself through my zeal, through my ardour. Ha! I might exclaim with the last of the Romans: "Virtue! how have I been betrayed into thy service. I believed thou wert a reality! and in this belief I united myself to thee: but now I see that thou art an empty name, a mere shadow, the prey and slave of Fortune." Donna! let me once more embrace thee, and adore her power. Deliver me from this doubt, and then go.—[*walking up and down*] I have still two hours left, according to my sentence. Then leave me! Leave me!

Solina. Wilt thou await it?

Julio. Await it? Donna, Look through my eyes into my soul, and feel what I think!

Solina. Ha! Julio! How I rejoice to find thee thus! to feel that I possess thee! that I have thee here! Look at me, and feel, how we are in unison with each other.

Julio. By the majesty of man! we are the only beings upon God's earth.

Solina. And for that very reason, Julio, the Earth is beneath our feet. We are worthy to inhale God's almighty breath. Julio! my Julio!

Julio [*taking hold of her hand.*] What is this, that thrills in thy veins? Thou weepest, my Solina!

Solina. For joy, that I see thee worthy to die with me. My poor, dear fellow! Didst thou think I could leave thee!

Julio. My Donna!

Solina. It is inexpressible, what I feel darting like lightning through my soul.—Julio! I am raised above the creation.—O God! I thank thee for as much as thou hast inspired me with courage to keep myself pure, and yield up my soul unspotted to thee.

Julio, [*kneeling before her,*] And thou ineffable being, who art at this instant more allied to the Gods

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than to men, here accept my last, my warmest thanks, for that thou hast cast thine eyes upon me, hast supported my soul; and thus finishest with me. In me and thee no idea, no will has arisen that was not with one accord produced in us both. O! Be we thus to the last! Let me be worthy of thee in this hour!

Solina. Rise! let me throw my arms about thee! let me embrace thee! let me fire thee with this kiss! Think on the first! Think what our love was! [*embracing him*] Pure it was; purer than any love here below.

Julio. So be our love once more untainted by suspicion. Obliterated is that, which deprived me of sleep, and which tortured me, when awake. From the first moment I loved thee beyond compare. But since! in the closest conjunction, in the strictest union of our souls, there arose in my mind a suspicion.

Solina. Thank heaven, that all was so! Precisely for this reason wast thou Julio! And, indeed, what should we otherwise have done together? It was necessary that these sentiments should come, to elevate the soul, and thus convert our love into an everlasting affection.

Julio. Thank heaven, that we are thus! that we are every thing to ourselves! that it is of no consequence to us either to be, or to appear, thus likewise to others.

Solina. That is exactly my sentiment. This alone insures immortality to thee and to me. This made me thine from the beginning. I saw, Julio, that true greatness was thine. And that it was neither by envy, nor jealousy, nor empty vanity, that thou wast actuated. A lively sense of thy own importance, a generous confidence in thy own powers, these procured thee Solina's love; and the felicity of ending thy life with her. Apart from each other neither of us can live!

Julio. How could one of us drag on life without the other? Let us make an end! Let us turn our
backs

backs upon the world; and unite ourselves to the fountain of our being. Ha! how every thing in me strives to mount aloft, and throw off mortality! how my soul trembles upon my lips, actuated by the most fervent longings!

Solina. Ah! once more concentrate all the fire in thy heart, and let the rapture of folding me in thy arms once more thrill in thy veins — Feel the divinity as I do!

Julio. I feel it all. The confession springs warm from my heart. I have no words for more——

Solina. Without ceasing to live: for this is the first moment of thy existence.

Julio. Thou art all, O mighty love!

Solina. My affairs are all put in order, and my papers and effects sent to my brother; so prepared was I. Hast thou still any thing to do?

Julio. I have sent Pirro to the Dutchess, if they have but let him go. God preserve her, and help her out of her difficulties.---I was prepared, Donna!

Solina. On this account we might once more rejoice: but there must be an end. [*takes out a dagger.*] Dost thou know this friend? Does he affright thee?

Julio. Let me kiss it. [*kisses it.*]

Solina. And me. [*kissing it likewise.*] Entirely mine, Julio?

Julie. Entirely thine!

Solina. Think on Laura!

Julio. Her spirit hovers o'er us.

Solina. Come to my arms! Come to my arms! When I have given wings to my soul, draw this out of my heart. A word more! when thou drawest the dagger out of my breast, and plungest it dyed with blood into thine, if, in the languor of death, I observe in thy countenance the least convulsive motion, or struggle with the love of life---I will a second time bid defiance to death, and in the fairest moment of thy existence raise a blush on thy cheek.
Come!

Come! Come to my arms! Thou lookest firm.
Farewell! Let thy soul unite with mine!

Julio. No farewell; we remain together: I
hold thee fast, never to part with thee more. Our
souls are united!

Solina. Press me to thy heart: our souls are one!
[*plunging the dagger into her breast, and giving it to*
Julio, My *Julio!* it gives no pain!

Julio [*looking at the dagger as he holds it in his*
hand] Sacred! pure blood! [*stabs himself*] Ecstatic
bliss! I drink in life from thy eyes. [*they fall toget-*
her.]

Solina. Delightful! Glorious!

